

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Things would seem to be going well for the new policy. Its opponents are beginning to shriek; they laugh no more. It is certainly very natural that Mr. Chamberlain's speeches should have annoyed them; right or wrong, they are the kind of speeches that produce a great effect. Already one redoubtable opponent on the press seems to have a feeling for discretion; it might be well perhaps, Mr. Harmsworth seems to think, to come to terms with this strong man. We wonder is Lord Rosebery behind this "feeler". Others, less sagacious, are putting their faith in loudness of denunciation. When we have the respectable organ "of blameless antecedents and growing infirmities", to quote one of its free-trade friends' description of it, crying out that Mr. Balfour's day is over, we know what that means. That is the kind of thing people say of an opponent's career when they are alarmed for the safety of their own. This sort is very eager to attack Mr. Balfour now, thinking he is in difficulties, deserted by friends turned foes and left to conduct the business of Government almost alone.

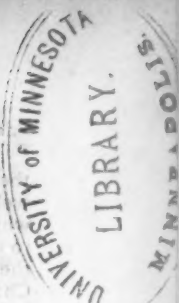
Mr. Balfour's position would appeal successfully to generosity, if his opponents, especially they of his own political household, had any; for he has been treated most unfairly by the Duke of Devonshire, who in his letter of resignation does not in any way explain its precipitancy. It seems clear that the Duke stayed in the Cabinet with the idea that he could prevent Mr. Balfour from committing himself to a new departure in fiscal policy; and finding that Mr. Balfour did commit himself, unreservedly, in the Sheffield speech, threw up office in a pet. No one need be surprised at the Duke's going—it was probable from the beginning—but it is difficult not to be surprised at the manner of his going; for the dignified common-sense of his antecedents suggested no such catastrophe. One certainly cannot say of him, as of some of the others who have gone, that he will not be missed; still, had he parted as a friend might part, or even a fair foe, we could take it with equanimity. This fiscal policy is too great a matter for personal considerations to be allowed to give it pause. The Prime Minister having resolved to

carry this reform, his free-trade colleagues had to be shed sooner or later, like decayed leaves.

These experiences are necessarily painful to Mr. Balfour; but, so far from breaking, they are steeling him to greater things. Mr. Balfour is a greater man to-day than he has ever been; we confess, a stronger man than he has ever shown promise to be. His selection of new colleagues is obviously courageous, for he has surrounded himself with a Cabinet of young men, new men instead of old names. Had he wished, he could easily have found blameless old names, of the type so familiar on official benches, to fill the vacant places. But he resisted the temptation, always a strong one to a party leader; his choice seems to us to mark as great a departure in Mr. Balfour's own career as are Mr. Chamberlain's proposals in policy. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer, though of course expected, is very remarkable; Mr. Alfred Lyttelton's as Colonial Secretary still more so, and Mr. Arnold Forster going to the War Office does not at all suggest the line of least resistance. Nor could the public realise the significance of Mr. Graham Murray's appointment.

It might be rude to question the value of the judgments given forth by critics on the Opposition press and also on the palæolithic wing of the press on the Ministerialist side: they can write with intimacy, the "dogs" that they are, about all the new men: are on Christian-name terms with these. But are they not a little severe on the men they know so well? Amiable enough but intellectually undistinguished seems to be the general verdict of the critics as regards the members of the Government. We should have been inclined to say that Mr. Graham Murray was a man of brilliant intellect. He happens to be not very widely known, as his painful lot has lain so far chiefly with Mr. "Jimmy" Caldwell, perhaps the hardest taskmaster—though not altogether the unkindest—that a Lord Advocate ever slaved for. But his clever and often witty speeches have made the Scotch Estimates themselves at times good to follow.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain is described by people who like this blustering kind of phrase as a chip of the old block. It has often seemed to us that it is anything but complimentary to describe the son of a great man so. It is even damning, if the son aspires to be regarded original, as one with plenty of individuality. Yet Mr. Chamberlain irresistibly recalls his father—



there is no getting away from it. He has always done well in politics; from his maiden speech in the House which Mr. Gladstone listened to with special attention to the intense delight of the father whose emotion on the occasion was almost painful to notice. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is a charming talker; he is quick of intelligence and thoroughly modern. But is he not rather young to be the first financier in Europe? Will he inspire confidence? Mr. Austen Chamberlain seems to us to lack weight in this office.

Mr. Chamberlain's campaign calls up the days of 1885, one of the most remarkable years in party politics the country has had, for it shows him in the same character as that he shone in then—the same character, though he was then the rising Radical luminary. Mr. Chamberlain was then engaged in a great creative effort, his first, he was trying to get the English people to apprehend an idea. That, the work of propaganda, is Mr. Chamberlain's natural rôle; as it was Lord Randolph Churchill's, who was at his greatest in 1885. And now Mr. Chamberlain, free from office, resumes his old and proper character. It shows him at his best; though it also shows up a good deal of his worst. Mr. Chamberlain should have some good fairy ever at his elbow, to touch him when he gets near dangerous ground. His Imperial horse must not caracole and paw the air too much; he must be a charger, not a circus steed. And let Mr. Chamberlain avoid telling us that Venice is a beautiful city of the Adriatic. (Had *Dickens* written "The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord", we should probably have had that.) Mr. Chamberlain, it is well known, finishes his speeches to the nail. He knows too well the value of such minute care to think remark on these small points on a great occasion petty or captious. It is the greatness of the effort that makes it a pity for even a small blemish to mar it. Mr. Chamberlain carried the constructive part of his first unauthorised programme; he will carry his second.

At Glasgow Mr. Chamberlain began boldly with an encomium on Adam Smith, the imaginative imperialist, the supporter of the home market. He went on to give figures of the overwhelming decrease (more than forty-two millions in thirty years) of our export of manufactured articles to protected countries and the corresponding increase of the manufactures they sent to us. We had been saved only by the increase of our colonies; and if we forced our colonies to become to us as protected countries we should lose our very existence. By refusing to use retaliation we had allowed Germany and America to take from us many of our trades, for example the tin-plate trade, for no other reason than that we had not granted them concessions in return for a reciprocal reduction against our special manufactures. If we wished to make such a bargain with our colonies as we had failed to make, to our great loss, with foreign nations, it was compulsory to put a tax on food. It is perhaps worth notice, at least as a symptom of opinion which we have other and better means of estimating, that when Mr. Chamberlain reached this point the enthusiasm of the Glasgow meeting was uncontrollable.

The figures of the reform scheme are put out precisely even to the estimate in farthings of the extra cost to the labourer and the artisan and of the compensation. In epitome the new duties proposed are a 2s. duty per quarter on foreign corn, a 5 per cent. duty on foreign meat and dairy produce and a 10 per cent. duty on foreign manufactured articles. Maize, bacon, as the food of the poorest, colonial corn and dairy produce and all raw materials would be free of duty, and taxes would be reduced by 50 per cent. on sugar coffee and cocoa, by 75 per cent. on tea. Balancing the effect of the extra duties against the effect of the lessened duties Mr. Chamberlain estimates that the labourer would gain 8½ farthings and the artisan 9 farthings a week. In addition to these main proposals he suggests reduced duties on colonial wines and a preference to the British miller on flour, a common-sense proposition which we have more than once put forward in this Review in consideration of the

rapidly increasing price of the bye-products of the grain, due to the amount of imported flour. It is perhaps a little ludicrous to estimate to half-farthings the effect of a far-reaching reform, but Mr. Chamberlain has no doubt so treated the subject, "for the sake of edification"; to give concrete form to an issue much obscured by catchwords and general maxims.

The Glasgow speech will mark the epoch, but at Greenock Mr. Chamberlain was more able, thanks to the clearing of the issue, to exercise that energy of conviction and emphasis of argument which is his substitute for persuasiveness. The manner of the speech was certainly designed to suit his audience. His "I-was-ever-a-fighter" style appealed to the working-men. The loss of the sugar industry touched every man and the climax of the argument "Sugar has gone. Let us not weep—jam and pickles remain" has just that savour of the Dickens' burlesque which will keep the argument green in the memory when the polling day comes. Again, from his third speech at Cupar an admirable electioneering placard could be founded on the sentence "What our opponents call protectionist, what I call patriotic". The phrases that caught his audience and were designed as catchwords all pointed the same moral. The country is being destroyed piecemeal. Agriculture has been destroyed. "Sugar is gone, silk gone. Iron is threatened; cotton's turn would come next." Mr. Chamberlain granted that our prosperity was still so considerable that, it may be, we could put off retaliation a little longer without ruin; but can we afford to postpone the commercial union of the Empire? Mr. Chamberlain believes that the crisis is acute, that severance or union must begin almost from to-day. The free traders are fond of appealing to authority. Is there anyone in the colonies or in Britain who has had a better opportunity than Mr. Chamberlain for judging the tendency of colonial development?

We did not expect to find Mr. Asquith amongst the shriekers; but when he answers Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Greenock by saying it is "claptrap", what is he else? If that is arguing at all, it is not arguing in good taste. Lapses on Mr. Chamberlain's part do not justify a quid pro quo from Mr. Asquith, for without its restraint and form Mr. Asquith's oratory loses all force. Perhaps that is why he took such elaborate pains to inform his audience that he was not going to shriek. Mr. Asquith denies all Mr. Chamberlain's statistics; that he is quite entitled to do: but whether his or Mr. Chamberlain's figures are right, it is not nice statistics that will settle this controversy. Mr. Asquith makes but two definite points against Mr. Chamberlain; that he did not include British carrying trade in his calculation and that he kept back from his audience the temporary or emergency nature of a part of the tea tax, which is to be reduced to balance the new duties. But if the trade with the rest of the Empire increases as Mr. Chamberlain calculates, our carrying trade would not be affected by reduction of imports from foreign countries. As to the tea tax, it would naturally be the first to be reduced, and if the country's expenditure sank so that less revenue was required, yet other existing taxes on necessities would be reduced correspondingly.

On the same day that Mr. Chamberlain made his speech at Glasgow the Miners' Federation of Great Britain was holding its annual conference in the same city. Mr. Pickard M.P., the president, occupied a part of his presidential address with a discussion of the effect of the proposed modification of the tariff system on the prosperity of the working classes. It may be hoped that Mr. Pickard talks more sense on matters in which the miners have special interests than he does on those which affect them along with the general public. What feeble stuff it is to meet Mr. Chamberlain's assertion that higher wages might be expected to result from his proposal by asking if anyone ever found that colliery owners voluntarily advanced wages because they had received additional revenue. Nobody ever thought they would; working-men get higher wages by demanding them when trade is good; they



cannot get them when it is bad. Mr. Pickard was sorry the working classes were not rousing themselves against the proposals. He will find they will rouse themselves the other way; for, as we said some time ago, they are not represented in many things by Trade Union leaders.

It is not possible to draw any particular moral from the Trade Returns issued to the end of September. If we take the month's returns we should be forced to the conclusion that the movement was wholly against us. Imports increased in value by no less a sum than £3,696,693, whilst exports decreased by £480,350. The greater part of the increase in imports was due to food and raw materials, but there was a decline in cotton and wool. The fall in cotton imports would have been much more serious but for the increased shipments from Egypt and the British East Indies—an increase which ought not to be overlooked by those who favour an Imperial policy in regard to cotton. For the nine months of the year the Trade Returns are not unsatisfactory. Imports it is true show an advance of five and a half millions, but exports have gone ahead by seven and three-quarter millions. If there is not a grave slump during the next three months, the year's returns will afford evidence of an encouraging spurt in foreign business.

Turning to foreign affairs, the Porte has accepted the identical notes of Austria and Russia with something short of its usual complacency. Continued readiness to carry out the unfortunate reform scheme is not denied; but the only direct answer to the notes has been an assurance to the ambassadors that the Ottoman Government has been wholly sinned against in the recent turmoil. This verbal exculpation was backed by a manifesto, published on Tuesday, in which the Government was described as wholly absorbed in paternal care for its subjects, and the building of roads and founding of schools were quoted to emphasise the excellent intentions of the ruler and to point the moral of Christian ingratitude. The Sultan protests too much. It is only at a Baptist Union conference that the sins of the Macedonians and Bulgarians will be denied. But murder and outrage and devastation are not confined to the insurgents, nor has the Turkish soldier, at any rate the irregular, been converted of a sudden into a humanitarian. It is ludicrous in the conditions to continue to urge the Turk to carry out a reform scheme, disliked on both sides, and contradictory and incompetent in itself. If the scheme is to be carried out at all, the execution must be entrusted to an authority unhampered by racial religions or local prejudices. But perhaps the phrase in the note: "*Les deux gouvernements se sont convenus d'une mode plus efficace de contrôle et de surveillance*" implies such a determination.

The Russian evacuation of Manchuria dated precisely for 8 October went off as we should have expected without a hitch. Want of disturbance was assured by the moving of as few troops as possible as short a distance as possible and the refusal to interrupt the smooth concentration of troops at Port Arthur. These dates for evacuation are observed in England with a sort of tolerant weariness, but this attitude of mind does not prevail in Japan. Every assertion of Russian determination to throw over the Manchurian convention is a menace to the supremacy of Japanese influence in Korea, where the maintenance of her interests is vital. We have had many alarming interpretations of the war preparations in Japan and the growth of anti-Russian feeling; and some answer to the concentration at Port Arthur has been prepared. But we may believe Baron Hayashi that no crisis is at hand though the mobilisation may be the introduction to stronger diplomatic action.

There are signs of a recurrence of restlessness in the Boer generals, who have now finally decided to begin a new journey which will end in Europe and begin in India. The ostensible reason is to persuade that irreconcilable remnant, which is still enjoying the

hospitality of the Indian Government, to return to Africa. It is doubtful if they will succeed. These five hundred martyrs are enjoying a pleasant station where their leisure is only disturbed by the voluntary manufacture of ingenious toys and their finances only complicated by the question of how many they can sell to their hosts. Nevertheless their persuasive powers will be much assisted if, as a part of the Indian press is urging, the hospitality be soon withdrawn and vagrancy threatened. Before setting out on this mission of reconciliation General Botha has given witness of a spirit that is not wholly appropriate to a peacemaker. He urged a considerable meeting of Boers to cling to their independence which he considered, for the moment, identical with the independence of the Boer language. Were General Botha a Kossuth, pleading for a language with a great past, we should think it bad in policy and humanity to admit such a vicious dualism of language—the forked tongue—as is now disturbing Hungary. But the Taal has neither antiquity nor power and will in the ordinary course of things, which we trust no humanitarian politician will disturb, be steadily absorbed, to the great benefit of peace in South Africa, in the supremacy of English.

General Hunter and Admiral Lambton are as they were. The peacemakers have been the Admiralty and the War Office. General Hunter though he was unable to acknowledge a change of opinion on the merits of the naval shooting at Ladysmith has withdrawn, in a whole-hearted apology, the terms in which he expressed that opinion. In acknowledgment Admiral Lambton, though he says nothing of the more than schoolboy idiom which he used to describe the critical powers of General Hunter, withdrew his letter. The episode recalls to us that idiomatic note which Beauchamp at the beginning of his career sent to the French officers; and as a proof of the continuity of naval characteristics and of Mr. George Meredith's skill in delineating them, it may be remembered that a well-known admiral was Beauchamp's prototype. How well the naval guns fired is still left undecided; but as skill in firing on a steady platform is almost wholly dependent on knowledge of range and, according to Admiral Lambton, the range varies greatly from day to day according to the condition of the cordite, we are left to the inference that a perfect artilleryman should be both an accomplished surveyor and an accurate chemist.

Last Wednesday Mr. Morley unveiled a memorial at Bala to the late Mr. T. E. Ellis. To Mr. Morley's panegyric few will take exception. The amiability and honesty of the Welsh champion forcibly appealed to the House of Commons, as they had formerly appealed to Undergraduate Oxford. And his career was distinguished. If we remember the advantage that he derived from the patronage of Sir J. T. Brunner, it was sufficiently creditable that the son of a small Merionethshire tenant farmer should have entered Parliament soon after he took his degree, and attained the position of Ministerial Whip at an age when the successful middle-class man first thinks of entering Parliament. He may claim to have rendered real service to his native land; and it is a real tribute to his memory—to suggest a comparison between him and that mightier Welshman Owen Glyndwr, whose home lies a few miles lower down in the Dee Valley than the farm house which sheltered Tom Ellis' youthful years. Happily for herself nineteenth-century Wales was not conscious of the wrongs, which called forth the avenging patriot; and if she had been, we fancy she would have chosen a sterner man than the sometime Liberal member for Merioneth to lead her guerilla bands.

The two cottages that abut on the garden of Shakespeare's birthplace are to be spared after all. The trustees and guardians of the birthplace decided this at a meeting at Stratford-on-Avon last week. There is not the least doubt that these cottages would have shared the fate of the other two now past saving, had not the trustees and guardians wisely taken alarm at the agitation from outside which they strove to belittle.

We suggest that the ground, on which the two cottages now being pulled to pieces stand, should be left unoccupied. The public library can well be built on some other, and more fitting, site in the town.

A view of the almost æsthetic dairy exhibits and of the quite scientific paraphernalia at the Agricultural Hall would suggest that England had little to learn or receive from the world in dairy and poultry produce. Lord Onslow's speech would lead to the same conclusion, but it is a little baffling to come suddenly on a mass of evidence of British insufficiency. During the show week as many as 3,000,000 eggs from Russia were landed on a London quay, some of them to be carried on to the Cape. Mr. Chamberlain emphasises our absolute dependence on Denmark for eggs and butter; and we know that Canadian farmers are driving out Surrey poultry breeders from the London market. In spite of these things agricultural land, especially in the Midlands, is going down steadily in price. You can buy in some counties good land—and poultry will succeed on the very worst—for £10 an acre. The farmers attribute their failure to supply England with eggs to the excessive rates of carriage on the railways, but were the rates double it would still be cheaper to send eggs from Cambridge to London than from the interior of Russia. The cause of the failure lies principally with farmers. It is a question, were Mr. Chamberlain's taxes introduced to-morrow, if without co-operation and the acceptance of new methods, the new chance would be much good.

There is a certain portion of the public which has an inordinate respect for a degree. Trading on this superstition a very large number of nonconformists had taken to themselves, to the increase of their dignity, many plausible suffixes indicating the full-blown graduate. The affectation had become something of a scandal; and the Baptist Union on Wednesday when they had recovered from the effects of a discussion on the nonconformist conscience passed an entirely sensible resolution to expunge from their books all initialed suffixes not granted by recognised educational institutions. The desire to filch a bogus dignity was not proof against the instance which the mover of the resolution quoted. He had discovered, and was threatened with a libel action for the disclosure, that one degree appearing in the Baptist Handbook had been bestowed by an "institution founded for backward boys in Carolina, the Principal of which was an ex-slave and the only professor a young lady". The institution seems to have chiefly maintained its dignity by giving consolation degrees indicated by attractive initials. It is curious that it does not occur to the wearers of such bogus decorations how very seldom men with degrees worth having make a parade of the possession.

Gilt-edged securities remain fairly steady the political situation having had little effect; the money market is slightly easier and beyond a small decline in the reserve there is little alteration in the Bank statement. Home Rails at one time showed distinct signs of improvement but the weakness displayed elsewhere proved a depressing factor and the best quotations were not maintained. Apart from the financial position in New York the very considerable reduction in the quarterly dividend on the common shares of the United States Steel Trust adversely influenced the American market. A difference of opinion existed between the controlling interests as to whether the usual dividend of 1 per cent. should be paid or no distribution made at all, and apparently a compromise was eventually effected by the declaration at the rate of  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. for the quarter. A very satisfactory interim dividend of 32s. 6d. per share has been declared on the ordinary shares of the Rio Tinto Company; this exceeded market anticipations and compares with 22s. 6d. a year ago. A feature of the miscellaneous section was the pronounced weakness of J. Nelson and Sons ordinary shares which fell to 19s. on the announcement that the directors have decided to defer making any distribution of profits until the result of the trading for the whole year can be ascertained. Consols 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Bank rate 4 per cent. (3 September, 1903).

#### THE PRIME MINISTER AND HIS CABINET.

NOTHING illustrates the democratic manners of modern politics more strikingly than the admission of the public into the high secrets of the Cabinet. We can imagine the horror with which an old-fashioned Premier of the Peel or Palmerston type would have regarded the publication of such letters as have recently appeared in all the newspapers between Mr. Balfour and his late colleagues. Such correspondence has hitherto been part of the secret history of the time, only to be revealed fifty years after date in the pages of a Greville or a Morley. Certainly we, as part of the general public, have no reason to complain of being taken into the Prime Minister's confidence, as this want of reserve makes politics much more interesting, and gives us a right to criticise the conduct of the great ones of the earth, which we should not otherwise have dared to assume. The bright spot in an otherwise sombre situation is the behaviour of Mr. Chamberlain to Mr. Balfour. Though Mr. Chamberlain is by far the most powerful and popular man in the Empire to-day (as the Prime Minister would be the first to admit), his affection for Mr. Balfour is transparently genuine, and his determination to serve under his younger chief unclouded by selfish regret or ulterior calculation. Nothing, we are convinced, but the explicit request of Mr. Balfour himself would induce Mr. Chamberlain to accept the task of forming a Government. Such relations between the first two statesmen in the country are pleasant to contemplate, and, what is more important, are a guarantee of the strength of the ministerial party. We wish we could say a quarter as much of the loyalty of Mr. Ritchie and the Duke of Devonshire. On the cases of Lord George Hamilton and Lord Balfour of Burleigh we do not wish to dwell. Though filling high offices and men of blameless character, they are as political factors quite insignificant, the lumber that is used to fill up the corners of every Cabinet.

The almost unanimous bitterness against Mr. Ritchie, which is freely expressed by all sections of the Unionist party, proves that the SATURDAY REVIEW was right in its previous conjecture. Whatever troubles may be in store for us are due to the obstinacy and conceit of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. For is it not plain from Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to put a 2s. duty on foreign corn that if Mr. Ritchie had agreed to exempt Canada from the existing 1s. duty, an important experiment would have been made in a quiet and perfectly safe manner? When we recall the disservices which this sinister politician has rendered to the Tory party, we feel inclined to call the watch together and thank heaven that we have got rid of him. We regret to say, however, that the conduct of the Duke of Devonshire appears to us to be worse than that of Mr. Ritchie, and in more than one particular. Mr. Ritchie, if presumptuous and narrow-minded, at least made up his mind quickly and acted upon it. The Duke of Devonshire not only delayed making up his mind until after the Sheffield speech, but concealed from Mr. Balfour the fact that he had not made up his mind. The Duke of Devonshire shared with Mr. Chamberlain the inmost confidence of Mr. Balfour. Not a line was written, not a step was taken without the cognisance of the Duke. As early as the end of July the Duke had the proof-sheets of "Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade" in his hands, a privilege accorded to no other member of the Cabinet. Whatever else may be said against that pamphlet—and we think want of depth and research might be alleged—no one can say it was not clear. It indicated, with a candour and lucidity characteristic of its author, that the Prime Minister was in favour of retaliatory duties on foreign manufactures, but did not think that public opinion was ripe for a tax on food. Yet all through August and September the Duke of Devonshire not only gave no signs of indecision, but told Mr. Balfour on 16 September that he meant to remain; saw Mr. Ritchie, Lord George Hamilton, and Mr. Chamberlain resign, and did not budge—nay, discussed with the Prime Minister the new Ministers, and made proposals of his own, which were accepted. The Sheffield speech on 1 October was a mere expansion of the "Economic Notes", and on the day after



its delivery the Prime Minister received by wire the resignation of the Duke of Devonshire. Mr. Balfour does well to be angry, for we cannot recall a case in modern history where a Prime Minister was worse treated by an important colleague. Hitherto, however, exacerbated the differences of opinion may have been, the conduct of our leading statesmen has been guided by the spirit of a gentleman.

The desertion of his chief by the Duke of Devonshire is the more disturbing because it is so totally at variance with his public record. If the student of politics were asked to pick out the statesman who, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, had earned the highest reputation for loyalty and straightforwardness, he would surely name Lord Hartington. In truth if you strip the Duke of these qualities he is bare indeed, for to power of expression, or width of information, or industry, or intellectuality of any kind, he never made, to do him justice, the smallest pretension. We do not believe that the Duke of Devonshire waited until the moment arrived when his desertion would be the most damaging to Mr. Balfour. But his delay discovers an infirmity of will and mind which it is only charitable to ascribe to advancing years. The Prime Minister will doubtless console himself for the treachery and feebleness of his seniors by contact with the inspiring vigour of the young men whom he has picked to fill their places. Of the new appointments the most important, though the least surprising, is that of Mr. Austen Chamberlain to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. We are not without misgivings as to this bold experiment, not assuredly because the new Chancellor is the son of the old Colonial Secretary. If Mr. Chamberlain triumphs in the country, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whoever he may be, will merely have to carry out his orders. But in the interval we are a little uneasy at so young a man being put in charge of the national finances. It was all very well for Pitt to become Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-two: the budget then was an affair of £7,000,000 or £8,000,000. Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer at forty-three (Mr. Austen Chamberlain is forty); but then the budget only reached to a figure of £50,000,000. We cannot help thinking that the manipulation of a budget of £130,000,000, is the one task that ought only to be trusted to a man who has lived a certain number of years in the world. We are not thinking of City experience or connexions, for Lord Goschen was one of the least successful Chancellors of the Exchequer. Finance in Downing Street is a very different thing from finance in Austin Friars. But a modern budget touches life at so many points that nothing but a long and varied experience of the world can qualify a man for the post to which Mr. Austen Chamberlain has been promoted. With his father's assistance, however, he will doubtless belie our doubts.

The surprise of the list was the appointment of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton to succeed Mr. Chamberlain. The Prime Minister was not very happy in his explanation of Lord Milner's refusal to take the post. It is deplorable to think that Mr. Balfour should have so little grasp of the situation in South Africa as seriously to try to tempt Lord Milner into leaving his task unfinished. Happily Lord Milner is too great a man to be seduced by the fleshpots of Downing Street. Mr. Lyttelton was sent out to South Africa to report upon the concessions granted by the late Boer Government. His report was a State paper of first-rate merit: but apart from this performance he is known to the world as a serious and successful lawyer, belonging to an illustrious family which shares with the Peels the reputation of "getting at the best offices". It remains to be seen what he will do in the field of politics, where his début has been made a little ridiculous by the twaddle of newspapers like the "Times" about his prowess as a cricketer and golfer.

Mr. Arnold-Forster's rise to Cabinet rank has been one of the most rapid on record. He has only been in Parliament a decade, and certainly does not owe his success to the influence of aristocratic connexions or wealth. His appointment to succeed Mr.

Brodrick at the War Office is a sheer triumph of brains and industry, and as such we welcome it. Lord Stanley is popularly, and we doubt not correctly, regarded as the Duke of Devonshire's nominee. He is absurdly young for a seat in the Cabinet, being only thirty-five, and he has not yet given any convincing proofs of industry or political aptitude. He inherits however his share of the family shrewdness, has considerable tact in managing men, and is popular with both sides. It is one of the evils of our system that just as a Minister is beginning to know something about the business of his department he is moved on to another. Mr. Brodrick has been the best hated and the worst abused member of the Government for the last three years. We think that he has been unjustly attacked, and blamed for a system which he was about to reform. This is the moment chosen by the Prime Minister for shifting him to the India Office, whose work he will have to learn from the beginning. There is this to be said in favour of the change, that if Lord George Hamilton quarrelled with the Viceroy, Mr. Brodrick and Lord Curzon were at Balliol together, and are the best of friends. Mr. Brodrick passes from the most harassed and hard-worked post in the Government to the easiest and the safest, for the salary of the Secretary of State for India is not voted by the House of Commons, and besides answering questions his sole work in Parliament is a budget speech at the end of the session.

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

MR. BALFOUR'S repudiation of the doctrine of free importation has made certain the revision of our commercial policy; Mr. Chamberlain's speeches at Glasgow and Greenock tell us what the new policy is to be. But we hope that Cobden will now be allowed to rest, or at any rate be handed over to economic historians for such rehabilitation as they can give him. The question for us is not whether Cobden had foresight, but whether we have. Mr. Chamberlain's critics appear to think that to be retrospective, an unmistakable sign of decrepitude, is the true mark of national greatness, and are much disturbed because his buoyancy of disposition leads him to represent 1872 as a normal year. The economic effects of the Franco-German war occupy much the same position in the minds of some of our theorists as Edward III.'s encouragement of the woollen industry. It would not require much ingenuity to make a list of those events, comparatively few in number, the rumour of which has penetrated even into the world of pure theory, and caused the years in which they happened to be regarded as abnormal. In reality quite a large number of important events, all of them reacting on the economic prosperity of England, have taken place since 1872, and instead of criticising Mr. Chamberlain's figures with vague references to disturbing influences, the exact force of which they never measure, we ask Free Fooders to issue a leaflet stating precisely what were the economic effects of the Franco-German war and what amount we ought to subtract from the export returns of the early seventies when we take account of them. Perhaps they will then make an inventory of all the other things, great and small, of an abnormal type which took place then and in subsequent years, and enable us to get down to the residual current of trade upon which we can hope to reach the haven of fiscal salvation. But we prefer to have historical rather than arithmetical guidance in the process.

Mr. Chamberlain's case for an imperial policy does not depend upon comparisons with 1872, nor has he reached his conclusions by selecting that particular year. In fact we even doubt whether his Imperialism was, in the first instance, the result of statistical study, and we are quite sure that, omnivorous reader as he is, he has not studied all that philosophers have written in favour of *laissez faire*, any more than the general manager of a railway company or the head of a great manufacturing firm spends his time in mastering the theoretical advantages of free competition as a scientific hypothesis. Mr. Chamberlain's views are the result of his work at the Colonial Office which has brought him into contact

with movements proceeding within the Empire and enabled him to test their real meaning. That his interpretation of these movements was correct, that there was a real case for inquiry, the course of the controversy has shown. If we grant all that the free traders claim as to the beneficial results of the policy adopted fifty years ago, who will have the hardihood to maintain that the great industries of the country as a whole are as prosperous relative to the United States, Germany and other countries as they were thirty years ago? Granted that the national income has increased as fast as our statisticians make out, have we enough to do more than a fractional part of all that requires to be done to make the Empire sound at the centre? It has been maintained that sentiment, divorced from the daily life, the friendships and the business relations of the people, can be no permanent bond of Empire, and that the trade statistics of Canada, Australasia and other colonies show a rapid growth of forces tending to disintegration. If Little Englanders deny that this result will follow, where is the evidence to be found to rebut the teaching of all history? The policy of great nations rarely turns upon calculations to two decimal points. The governing factors in our present situation cannot easily be mistaken, and, in the controversy of the last six months, though the opponents of change have made little scores here and there, and sometimes attained a high degree of brilliant irrelevance, they have completely failed to make a breach in the general case for an Imperial policy on either its economic or political side. Their failure has evidently acted on the nerves of some of them.

The reception of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme in free food circles was bound to be unfavourable. Here no Imperial crisis, however great, could justify the burning of old economic manuals. But, amongst not only those who have long ago made up their minds to support Mr. Chamberlain's policy but also those who waited for the details of his scheme, it is very generally agreed that he has sketched in outline the basis of a fair, business-like and workable arrangement with the colonies, which, if it is adopted, will go far to realise the great Imperial ideal he has set before us. Mr. Chamberlain is too sane a statesman and too good a man of business to manufacture in seclusion at Highbury a cast-iron scheme which is to be forced upon this country and the colonies without negotiation and inquiry. We take his proposals as what he represented them to be, a sketch which will have to be filled in later on, if he gets the mandate from the country which he asks for. His scheme is a guarantee that none need fear the introduction of wild, extravagant or fantastic measures. The details which he gave concern the business side of the Imperialist movement, and we all know now, what for our part we have always believed, that the genuine desire for Imperial unity, which has so increased in strength in recent years, is not to die away in mere enthusiasm or be destroyed by the suggestion of impracticable measures, but to find expression in a sane, business-like and constructive policy. How far the scheme now suggested may be modified by discussion here and in the colonies we cannot of course tell, but the announcement of the details has strengthened our belief that the destinies of the Empire are safe in Mr. Chamberlain's hands.

As to the probable reception of the scheme in the country at large, as its details gradually become known in the homes of ordinary men and women, we believe that Mr. Chamberlain's analysis of the dangers which threaten British trade will commend itself to the great manufacturers and artisans. Free-traders usually represent every form of appreciation of a moderate policy of protection as a symptom of lunacy. But for many years past, there has been a growing sense of the certainty of industrial decline unless drastic measures were taken for dealing with the new conditions of our own time. Mr. Chamberlain has not manufactured a protectionist movement to carry his own designs. He has given expression to opinions which have been gradually gathering force for more than a generation. Moreover, the decay of what are called "free-trade principles" amongst practical men of affairs has coincided with the virtual destruction of the

scientific basis of the existing régime. We do not wish in any way to exaggerate the extent to which the free-trade economics has been overthrown by modern criticism, directed not so much against particular doctrines as against the fundamental assumptions on which the whole system rested. This destructive criticism has greatly affected the attitude of the educated classes towards any proposed change of policy. If the older economics could be rehabilitated, which we do not believe to be possible, it would not now be likely to take a form incompatible with an Imperial policy. That policy will, beyond all doubt, be sooner or later adopted, not by one political party only, but, as Mr. Chamberlain hopes, by the Empire as a whole, and in the next generation will be taken for granted as the groundwork of all other constructive plans. It will no doubt take some time to convince the agricultural labourers, not so much because they will be necessarily antipathetic to Mr. Chamberlain's schemes but because new things make their way slowly in the rural districts. We advise those who have the care of these parts to put forth all the educational effort they are capable of, not so much in the form of leaflets as by promoting and assisting in discussion by word of mouth.

#### BARRISTERS AS POLITICIANS.

THE appointment of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton to be Secretary of State for the Colonies is as far as we are aware the first instance of a barrister in actual practice being placed at the head of a department which has nothing to do with legal administration. Mr. Lyttelton is a really and not a nominally practising barrister, and it has not been usual to appoint such members of the legal profession to offices in the Government outside a specific class of offices which are strictly connected with the administration of the law. The Lord Chancellor, the Attorney General and Solicitor General must from the necessity of the case be lawyers; and though in some instances there may have been an Attorney or Solicitor General who had not had much practice at the Bar, usually the law officers have been acknowledged masters and at the head of their profession. The Lord Chancellor is always in the Cabinet; and if he is not an administrator of a great public department, his influence in politics has often extended beyond the merely legal branch of his office. But with this exception there has been a sort of understanding that lawyers in Parliament were there more with the view of rising to the chief posts of their profession than of distinguishing themselves in general politics. There are several well-known cases however of late years where barristers have been appointed to the headship of departments which seemed to be outside their conventional province. Mr. Henry Matthews now Viscount Llandaff's promotion from the Bar to the office of Home Secretary in 1886 was looked on as somewhat of an innovation; though Sir Henry Fowler, a solicitor and not a barrister, had been Under-Secretary for that department in 1884. Mr. Asquith became Home Secretary in 1892, and in the Government of that year Sir Henry Fowler was President of the Local Government Board and subsequently Secretary of State for India: while Sir William Harcourt who has been Solicitor-General has also been Home Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir John Gorst, too, who has also held the post of Solicitor-General has occupied various non-legal offices. But Sir William Harcourt and Sir John Gorst are hardly exceptions to the rule above mentioned. The former scarcely belonged to the class of lawyers practising in the Courts; he was a Professor of International Law; and he had been at the Parliamentary Bar whose members not only do not seek professional advancement through Parliament but are while practising unable to sit there. Rather singularly Sir William became Solicitor-General when he had ceased practice for some years; a singularity upon a singularity for it is unusual for a law officer to be taken from the Parliamentary Bar in any case. He also later became Home Secretary; the usual office which lawyers have held when they have been taken out of their strictly professional sphere.



Sir John Gorst hardly counts, for the reason that he was more a nominal than a practising lawyer, while Mr. Morley we believe has never practised at all.

But the characteristic of Mr. Lyttelton's appointment is that he has been given an office without necessary connexion with legal administration, unlike the Home Office which has a great deal. The Colonial Office is at the farthest remove possible from any kind of political function with which lawyers are in the course of their professional experience concerned. The Home Office is a department in which a lawyer would find himself in quite a customary order of ideas; and would not, *prima facie*, be moving about "in a world not realised" as might ordinarily be supposed to be his condition in the Colonial Office. This is what gives Mr. Lyttelton's appointment its unique character, and its chief surprise. Mr. Lyttelton being a lawyer, and the apparent incongruity of a lawyer being Colonial Secretary, is what strikes most people as open to criticism. Personally Mr. Lyttelton is distinguished in many ways and is of the material out of which we like to make our public men. He is not too young, he has done well in Parliament, and he has given far more attention to colonial matters than Mr. Chamberlain ever had to do before he became Colonial Secretary. If he had been placed in the Home Office the example of Mr. Asquith would have been sufficient as a precedent for a lawyer doing well if he were not taken too far out of his range; Mr. Asquith having been perhaps the best Home Secretary we have had. But there is a very prevalent idea that the practice of the barrister's profession usually incapacitates him quite seriously for success in the wider field of politics proper. If this is so, it is rather curious because the Bar at any rate is a good field for the practice of speaking. The Common Law Court with a jury would seem to furnish an ideal sphere; though perhaps the "jury droop", that particular attitude of plausibility and unconscious pretence, may not be so acceptable to a larger and more educated audience as it is to the ordinary jury. Moreover the barrister does not often address the same jury twice, whilst the House of Commons is more able to discover rhetorical and empty artifices which will not stand the test and touchstone of sincerity. And above all things personal earnestness and robust belief are necessary if one's fellows are to be constantly impressed.

It possibly is the case that unless a lawyer enters Parliament and takes office rather young, the constant practice of the Courts blunts the edge of his real earnestness and tends to substitute for it a species of artificiality which is detected in the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith was not spoiled nor is Mr. Lyttelton by having been too long at the Bar and by having too large a practice. In the case of two very able men, Mr. Lawson Walton and Mr. Cripps, it would seem that the Courts and committee rooms have been too much for them. They have not at any rate been so successful in Parliament as they have been at the Bar; and probably if a man intends to make a name in political life through the legal profession he must not spend too many years in the professional mill. Sir Edward Clarke's case is apparently peculiar. He perhaps more than most lawyers was endowed with the qualities for success as a politician; and at the time when it seemed most likely that he would seize the opportunity of sloughing the legal integument, he had not yet spent too many years in the highly technical and very meticulous business of getting up and presenting cases to a technical and professional audience. There is every reason to suppose that if Sir Edward Clarke had not thrown himself away for what looked very like personal considerations, he might have had as brilliant a career in Parliament as he had in the Courts. It is only when the professional habit is cultivated too long that the law incapacitates the lawyer for politics. But that is not peculiar to this profession. A business man or a doctor is at the same disadvantage. Politics are a profession which must be learned early, and be made the principal object if success is fairly to be expected. A man cannot carry on two arduous professions together and the law is very arduous. The ordinary commercial man who goes

into Parliament has usually relaxed somewhat in his application to his own business; the medical and other professional men have often retired altogether from their work; and unless they have done so early they are no more likely in the nature of things to succeed than the lawyer. In fact the initial steps of the legal profession are in favour of the lawyer; none of the other avocations lies so closely to the learning of the legislator as the profession of the lawyer. But during the greater part of the time that he is in Parliament the lawyer does not give himself a fair chance as a politician. He burns the candle at both ends; and usually has to sacrifice his chances in politics to the exigencies of his profession. Most lawyers are bound to do this by the necessity of earning a sufficient income: and this simple fact is sufficient in itself to account for the failure of many, such as the late Sir Frank Lockwood, whose personal gifts seem to qualify them for success in politics. The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that there is nothing mysterious about the effects of the law on politicians. Many successful lawyers would never make successful politicians because they have not the natural qualifications. If they had these and left the law sufficiently early, their legal training would be an advantage. It would therefore be a mere prejudice to assume that Mr. Lyttelton is in some recondite manner under a disability for political office by the mere fact of his being a barrister.

#### "THE GENERALITY OF THE CABINET."

RATHER unreasonably, as we thought, Mr. Balfour was upbraided in some quarters because he did not keep one or two of his fiscal opponents in the Cabinet quite well informed as to Mr. Chamberlain's plans. Mr. Balfour, it was said, in not mentioning to Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Ritchie that Mr. Chamberlain had written him a letter offering to resign, "economised the truth". It is obvious that he did. Only we cannot see how this economy was in the nature of bad faith; or that—for this is we suppose what Mr. Morley was covertly referring to at Bala—it has tarnished the honour of public men. It did not show a tender consideration for the feelings of the colleagues left uninformed: but this is a different matter. Did Mr. Gladstone, preparing to adopt Home Rule, inform all and sundry of his Cabinet of the fact? On the contrary, as everyone knows, he withheld the information from the many, confiding it only to the few. He "economised the truth". Mr. F. C. Gould, in quite his happiest effort of late, drew a cartoon for the "Westminster Gazette" last week, in which Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain were represented as going to the Cabinet Council with foxy mien and "mum's the word". Are they the first among great ministers whose attitude at the threshold of the Cabinet Council could fairly be represented so?

Rather, we imagine, most great Ministers have gone at times to the Council with "mum" upon their lips. Mr. Gladstone, as we know, so went at one crisis in his life: who could doubt that a Disraeli or a Pitt would go often? In touching on this matter last week, we wondered whether or not there were, as tacitly understood among Ministers themselves, an inner and an outer Cabinet. Mr. Balfour's letter to the Duke of Devonshire affords a completely convincing answer. Here at any rate there is no economy of truth. Mr. Balfour is lavish of it. You had my pamphlet, he says, in the most ingenuous way in the world, before "the generality of the Cabinet". This, then, is the way in which the thing is done. Here is no jibe or indiscretion on Mr. Balfour's part; only a phrase of singular literary skill, even for its maker, which once and for all sets the lesser pillars of State in their true proportions before the public gaze. At certain grave crises *mum* is the word among the great ones of the real, the inner Cabinet, when the other fifteen or sixteen are present. And how numerous these Cabinet generalities must be getting. In proportion as the nominal Cabinet grows larger and larger the inner ring would appear to be growing more and more select. It was so small just now that the very Chancellor of the Exchequer is squeezed out. What chance has the Board of Agriculture or the

President of the Board of Education of knowing what great councils are toward? Fancy—the sub-editors who handle the “flimsies” in the offices of the daily press are ahead of them. But perhaps, as regards the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, an exception had to be made of Mr. Ritchie; or an example.

Though so great a constitutional authority as Bagehot once declared that, if the anarchists were to blow up the Cabinet entire, you could easily make another, as efficient, out of, say, the directors of the great railway companies, what may be called the Cabinet tradition has long had a very firm hold on the respectable English person. The strictly party press fostered it. The old-fashioned highly respectable illustrated weeklies fostered it, we believe in no small degree, by their large pictures of Cabinet Ministers going to or leaving a council, or reciting their speeches in the House of Commons. Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Labouchere were among the very few leading politicians whose spoken and written word did not tend to make people think that to be of the Cabinet was to be sacrosanct. Lord Randolph and Mr. Labouchere shocked public feeling, they never shook it. The wholesome dunderheaded Englishman continued to be impressed by Cabinet Ministers: he never thought to classify them: the shade of distinction between the few dominating personalities in the Cabinet and the Cabinet placeman—clear enough in all conscience to-day after Mr. Balfour's letter to the Duke of Devonshire—was too fine for him.

This Englishman still exists; and on the whole we believe with profit to the country. It is all very fine to make light of Authority as Mr. Labouchere was used to do, to utter cynical sayings to the effect that So-and-So, who found his way into the Cabinet by family influence, would never, in the City, or in any of the professions, unpushed, have made three hundred a year. “But a nation cannot live on sarcasms.” Tennyson's earnest cry for “more of reverence” showed the statesman though not in the least the man of the world. The respectable Englishman is still ready to uphold the Cabinet tradition, then; but with a difference. His attitude to-day there can be no mistaking. He is willing that birth and influential connexion should have the privilege to rule, but not the privilege to muddle. Of course there has been much froth of late in regard to what Lord Rosebery calls Efficiency. But it is utterly impossible to doubt that under the froth is strong public feeling, largely incoherent as yet perhaps, but increasing and bound to increase. Not to perceive this one would have to be purblind. The type which is comprehended in Mr. Balfour's phrase “the generality of the Cabinet” is held largely responsible for various inconvenient mistakes and oversights which have been remarked upon for several years past. Signs are not wanting that this very plain fact has been noticed in high places, and that the Cabinet mediocrity is going out of favour. We are much inclined to think that he has seen the best of his days. He has flourished in not a few Ministries. The Liberals have notoriously been good to him: for their own ends. Conservatives have done likewise. In future, birth and influence will continue to avail, but not with any certainty unless backed by ability. We see not the faintest reason to suppose that the public school and university training will disqualify for high office; or that Cabinets will be formed on the methods advocated by Mr. George Meredith or by Lord Rosebery on one occasion when he was probably in the mood to guy the whole thing.

#### CLERMONT-FERRAND.

IN Clermont-Ferrand the mountainous soul of Pascal seems to become less obscure. This little dry town, built of lava, and set in the midst of a plain rimmed by volcanic hills; sombre, provincial, not interestingly old or new; without beauty, but looking out, through all the gaps and alleys of its streets, upon the rough, peasant slopes of the Puy de Dôme, and the circle of green and brown hillsides; a hard, actual portion of the rich, yet not friendly, soil of Auvergne; Clermont-Ferrand has something of what is bare, rigid, and unexpansive in the genius of the one really

great man whom it has produced. The Auvergnats are Kelts in whom all the subtle, unworldly qualities of the race have hardened and turned to stone. In Pascal, it is what is Keltic that bursts through rock and stone like a volcanic fire.

I remember the first time that I found myself in Clermont, during the heat of an unparalleled August. I had had a sleepless night in the train, coming from Paris, and when I got down in the Place de Jaude, and set one foot beyond the little rim of shadow, the heat seemed to envelop me from head to foot in an intolerable caress. It pressed on my forehead, burnt into my eyes, dried and scorched my lips, and poured like wet fire over all my body. I crossed the road, and waited for a moment in a faint, hot shadow, which I followed up a winding street, losing and finding it again as I went. Seeing a little dry garden in two tiny terraces, sunk below the level of the upper road, I went into it, hoping for at least the shadow of a tree. But there was no shadow; the thin, straight trees were themselves scorched in their stiff rows, and the harsh savour of the dry earth rose up to make the heat thirstier. I went back to the upper road, and climbed slowly, passing a vast book-shop, where I saw Bourget's last novel, only just out, side by side with old books of medicine and theology; together with many jewellers' shops, all with their old and new silver-work, and their trinkets of Auvergne enamel and Auvergne amethyst and topaz. Passing beyond the shops, I wandered for some time in narrow and narrower streets, one of them a Rue des Petites Tueries. Hardy, coarse-featured, ruddy and olive, the Auvergnats went solidly about their business; and the women, so decided, honest, somewhat too precise, but not uncomely, passed with the same earnest sense of direction. Except for the book-shop, you would have forgotten that Paris existed. These people, their rough dialect, their heavy energy, the whole aspect of the place gave almost a new shade, certainly a new emphasis, to the meaning of the word “provincial”. Heavy carriages, each with its crest on the door, passed as if going to a wedding, and as I looked out drowsily from under the awning of a café, where I had found shade but not coolness, I saw, under those carriage-roofs, and in the enveloping sunlight of the streets, the whole monotony of an existence shut in upon itself, and consumed little by little, in the mere passing of days like every other day.

And yet, if you will have the patience to search, following narrow streets that twist away from the empty formalism of the wide, characterless squares, you will find here and there old doorways, and, inside, courts from which stone staircases branch upwards to right and left; fragments hidden away, half or altogether forgotten. The cathedral, as you come upon its livid front and towers, seems to be wholly formal, with the worst formality of the nineteenth century; but, once inside, the harsh stone has become placid, in this partly thirteenth-century nave and choir, and, in the windows behind the choir and in the rose windows of the transepts, there is vivid and exquisite glass, of which the best, of the thirteenth century, is only less fine than the incomparable glass at Bourges. And in the very ancient basilica of Notre Dame du Port, founded in the ninth century, with its subterranean church of the Black Virgin, its low and heavy vaults and arches, its whole air of massive elegance, there is the one quite beautiful thing in Clermont, the one thing personal and unique. It is the most perfect example of the Romanesque of Auvergne, that solid, surprising, architecture, with its primitive harmonies, as of a mosque turned Christian. There is a doorway in which a frieze, shaped like the frieze of the Parthenon, is surmounted by a horseshoe arch of plain bricks, and this arch is outlined above in raised stone, not coming quite down to the outer corners of the frieze. In the inner curve of the horseshoe there is a seated statue, with a bird or angel on either side, each with wings folded across, in a severe geometry of pattern. The doorway is in rigid lines of plain stone, and there is a statue on either side, set under the two ends of the frieze. In this doorway, in the squares and curves of the choir and transepts, in the sombre vaults and short, solid pillars, and in the mysterious depths of the crypt, I find



the one adequate expression of what is stony, yet alive in the stone, in this place and people from whose midst Pascal came.

There is a certain menace under the beauty of Auvergne. One is as if caught in a trap of hills, and the hills are toothed into hollows of bare rock; woods grow up out of chasms; the soil is hard and fertile. Looking from the tower of the cathedral one sees a wide flat country, and the lines of hills which, at sunset, turn to solid vapour against a flame of orange, which seems to be softly burning up the world. Is it a flame coming down out of the sky, or rising out of the once fiery hills? Pascal, in his work, for all its clear austerity, its hard intellectual mathematics, to which he bends an imagination which is sight itself, is for ever conscious of the subterranean fires at work in some gulf under the earth, which they mould to their purpose. That terror of the gulf, which possessed him, opening a horrible chasm by the side of his chair as he sat, is more intelligible here than elsewhere. In Clermont-Ferrand what is subterranean in the soul of Pascal seems to become less obscure.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

#### THE CHURCH OF LOUIS QUINZE.

"PARIS est ravissant" and never more so, than in the days when the salons are discussing "La Nouvelle Héloïse" and "Émile" and les philosophes.

Still even under the rule of the Pompadour the arcadian charm will woo a few favoured souls, whose owners aspire after the life of virtue, to the silvan shades. So it is that here and there, in some far-away rural diocese, where in dwellings, that are as bare as caves, but unlike caves are unfortunately open to the wind and rain of heaven, there are crowds of curés, growling and starving on five hundred francs a year, and vicaires wailing and dying on half that income; you meet here and there a man of noble birth (he was M. le Chevalier once upon a time; but when he entered S. Sulpice at the Bishop's advice he became M. l'Abbé and so they call him still) who lives and works on a benefice of some six thousand francs per annum. He went there years and years ago for he wished to live a holy and useful life, and to divide his time between study and religion, and his wish is an accomplished fact. And if merit has brought no reward in any high ecclesiastical distinction or preferment, his life has had its earthly consolations. So far as appearances go, his presbytère will hold its own with most of the English parsonages. Were envy possible in such celestial souls Dr. and Mrs. Primrose might envy him the old well-built stone house in the wood with its mullioned windows and balcony, its barns and its wine-press; its walled flower garden (where the roses bloom in the spring) and vineyard all sloping down to the clear stream of running water. Certainly ere M. l'Abbé had laid down the "Vicar of Wakefield", he had come to the conclusion that it would be a poor exchange to barter his red Bordeaux, and the sauces and tomatoes, that his housekeeper Louise had prepared that day for Mrs. Primrose's gooseberry wine and pasties. Further, he reflects that if a wife is denied to him, he may pride himself on a select library. The Fathers and the classics look down on him with S. François de Sales, Bossuet, Fénelon and Tillemont and the Gallia Christiana. And there are on a higher shelf (he seldom studies them now) numberless books and pamphlets, some serious and some satirical on the Jansenists and Port-Royal. In the old days when he was a student at S. Sulpice, before he had faced the examiner at the Sorbonne, he had thought much talked more and even turned out verses thereon. He had never liked indeed all that the Jesuits had written on Mère Angélique, and Arnauld (indeed for the Jansenists as individuals he had considerable admiration) still he had made up his mind as a youth that predestination, whether as taught by Calvinist or Jansenist, left the average man the slave of his passions; and the experience of his long years had confirmed his youth's conclusion on the matter.

Nor are poetry and the belles lettres unhonoured in that library. True you will search in vain for Molière—for Monsieur cannot pardon "Le Tartufe"—but

there are Racine and Boileau, and "Le Spectateur Français" (it contains by the way a notice of a tragedy on Cinna that Monsieur l'Abbé had composed ere ever he entered the walls of S. Sulpice) and even now the village carpenter is at work on new shelves to contain the ever-increasing volumes of this cleric's favourite book of relaxation, that most delicious of periodicals the "Mercure", that gives him his chief information on public affairs, and leads him to lament and smile over the busy follies of the world. Moreover Goldsmith is not the only English genius at home in this presbytère. There is Richardson also (long before Alfred de Musset M. l'Abbé has judged "Clarissa" "le premier des romans") and Young's "Night Thoughts" and best loved of all by its owner, the book of him whom he styles the Great Englishman (he did not know that Thomson was a Scot) "The Seasons".

Besides he has tomes on law and road-making. For this is a pays d'états; and M. l'Abbé, who finds it his only chance of doing good to the province never misses a meeting of the Estates, and shows, when he is there, that he knows more of highways and bridges, and the taille and the gabelle, than does M. l'Intendant and all his inferior Bumbles whom they call sub-delegates. But for all these things our priest's heart is chiefly with his poor parishioners, the afflicted peasants in their wretched mud hovels, for whom only himself, his faithful vicaire and le bon Dieu seem to care.

Bishop and Monastery, Seigneur and Intendant, torture from poor Jacques Bonhomme many and many a livre, but it is only from Monsieur l'Abbé's purse, and Monsieur l'Abbé's table that any charity ever reaches him. Truly as our friend walks on many an errand of mercy to one after another of these wretched hovels, that disfigure the landscape, in the full glories of his long cassock that almost trails along the ground, his black stockings and silver shoe-buckles, his long white hair floating on the wind, raising his hat in return to every salutation that he receives, Jacques Bonhomme looks on his ministering angel.

Every Sunday and fête day he says Mass, and every Sunday he teaches the children the catechism. His sermons should please M. de Voltaire in one way: for they speak very much "de morale" and very little "de controverse". "He is a learned man" writes Madame la Comtesse, who since her husband fell at Rossbach has turned devout in an eighteenth-century way (she still talks of philosophy and sentiment) and come to live in the country "but he has not the eloquence of the Parisian preachers; still he does, what they cannot do, he gains your attention". He is the same in the confessional, helpful and not casuistical. "He does not move the feelings, like a director in Paris" writes the Countess "but somehow he takes good care of your conscience". On two practical matters he is insistent, the abuse of fête days, and the unwisdom of litigation. ("He cannot forget 'le procès' that half ruined his father the Baron" says the Countess.)

His greatest trouble is that he is not master in his own parish. Three years ago a thunderbolt shattered the steeple of his church—and to his grief it remains a wreck. 'Tis no fault of his vestry (they call it in his land the conseil de fabrique) nor of his churchwardens (les marguilliers is the name by which these excellent personages are known in France). Poor as are the parishioners, they will willingly vote the money: nay it would be a corvée of love to do the work themselves: but the royal council still delays to send the necessary mandate. And when our priest offers to do the needful from his own pocket, the insolent young sub-delegate interposes a veto, for there is he says no precedent for such an act of generosity on the part of a curé and the law imposes the repair of the church fabric on the poor. Similarly with the charities M. l'Intendant has tied them up in red tape, so that the starving peasant shall get no aid therefrom, and for the school, it is worse than useless, for the Bishop will never admit a teacher in whom the Abbé and his people believe.

Still it grieves M. l'Abbé much that he hears in the village such bitter murmurings against Churchmen nobles and intendants. That he remits most of his "oblations, obits, fondations, casuels and novales" is made the ground of attack on the neighbouring curés

who exact them. "Tis all the fault of gros décimateur" he explains "who robs the poor curé of his canonical rights and forces him to an uncanonical subsistence on fees. Then as to the nobles and Intendant, he can only insist, though it is with faltering lips, that to resist the powers that be is to resist the mandate of le bon Dieu, and that even were they as evil as Nero, submission would still be a duty. He moreover cites several episcopal pastorals to that effect.

Apart from these parish worries his heart bleeds for his unfortunate brethren, the curés and vicaires who are ever turning into his abode to receive his consolations, or counsel, and quaff his Bordeaux. "The Bishop by his keeper will prosecute me" wails one curé "for I cut a stick in his forest the other day, when I had to climb the hill to the cot of a dying peasant. And my délateur to Monseigneur is my own vicaire". "And I" sobs another curé, "must I am told pay a fifth of my soulivres this year to the tax collector—and Monseigneur has had a free receipt for his taxes from the King". M. l'Abbé feels sorrowful, but he never openly complains of the powers that be. Years ago he fought the curés' battle in the Synod and went to Paris for them to tell the King's Council the truth. And all he got was an order to return to his benefice; and since that date he has been in Monseigneur's black books. All he can do is to say, that he will beg Madame la Comtesse to speak to the Bishop, when the Estates meet to-morrow. But meanwhile a Vicaire perpétuel has been glancing at the "Mercure", and discovering an escape from all troubles. "Let the clergy of the diocese emigrate", he cries, "in a body to the court of the Solomon of the North, the great Frederick. He has countless Catholic benefices in his gift, and not one Catholic ecclesiastic at his court. Surely M. l'Abbé you will not look in vain for a bishopric from 'un roi philosophe, le protecteur des lettres'". "What advice would M. de Voltaire give us I wonder?" replies the Abbé; "he has been at the court of Le roi philosophe" and all the clergy laugh, and then the conversation turns to the terrible spread of atheistic literature (royal edicts notwithstanding) and the growing insolence of the Protestants.

An hour later and M. l'Abbé is standing before the sugar-loaf-like towers of the château. Within, he knows there are la sensibilité, les sentiments de l'humanité, la philosophie, without he sees the feudalism of the moat, the dovecot, the barbican, and the wolfhounds (these last however fawn round our friend, as he crosses the drawbridge). He wonders to himself, will les belles lettres ever refine away barbarism and feudalism? Madame la Comtesse, as she stands brilliant amid the little group of la plèbe des gentilshommes et mesdames of the district (they all have grown a trifle graver, since our Abbé has entered, for the mere sight of the ecclesiastical habit still excites feelings of devotion in the campagne) is just now gracefully arguing for such a view of the future. They have been talking of the duel, and Madame to the amazement of one or two aged fire-eaters among her guests has been insisting that philosophy and the academies will end it. "But the law has failed" smiles the old duellist. "Yes" says Madame "but the Abbé will tell you, that the law can only command the mind: philosophy and the belles lettres act on the heart". The Abbé sees his chance, and after the correct bows and compliments introduces Monseigneur and les curés. Oh! but Madame did not expect to hear anything so commonplace. Cannot the Abbé tell her, if there is anything new from England, the land, where every man is a patriot and a philosopher? He can only repeat what he has read in the "Mercure" that there is talk of a monument to Thomson in Westminster Abbey and (the Countess having expatiated on the beauties of Nature and the genius of Thomson) proceeds to press on her gently the curés' troubles. "Ah the curés. They are very troublesome people; but if M. l'Abbé insists, well he is her friend. L'amitié est le plus grand des biens; un ami est le trésor le plus précieux du sage. And for the sake of friendship she will speak to Monseigneur, for he will be at the meeting of the Estates of the Province and she is going to Madame la Maréchale's reception on the day of opening," besides, she adds "our young poet here will be discoursing before the Academy there on the same

day upon the names of flowers". Our Abbé bows. "But now she has a favour to ask M. l'Abbé—he will be present this evening at the pastoral play in her little theatre here. The children only are acting. The little Viscount and the Demoiselle would be so happy if". But M. l'Abbé bows a refusal. Oh she knows about the Church law, but these are days of enlightenment. At least he may see it through a grille. "But no"—and so he goes. And then the Countess receives much gentle flattery, on her kindness to a cleric whom neither the Bishop nor the Intendant admires. And the young poet talks of the language of flowers, and compares Madame, the ever-faithful friend to l'immortelle

"Que me présente l'immortelle,  
La même en dépit des hyvers,  
L'image de l'ami fidèle  
Qui m'aime encore en les revers".

And the Countess smiles, and they go to the theatre.

Meanwhile the Abbé (for he, as we know, is going to the Estates to-morrow) is laying manifold instructions on the vicaire the sacristan and Louise, lest perchance the poor may want for something, while he is absent struggling to serve the State. No thought of the frowns with which the Bishop and Intendant will meet him trouble him at all, for his is the true merit, that complains of nothing and is sufficient for itself. He and those like him are the salt of France. Yet his countrymen will have not him but the Rousseaus, the Robespierres, and the Combes to direct their political conscience. But the Abbé would have told you that virtue was its own reward for an order as well as for an individual and if he came back to the world he would be making graceful pleas even for modern France. Aristide banni fut toujours magnanime.

#### "IF HE HAD BEHAVED HIMSELF . . ."

IT was unfortunate that the Parliamentary Session came to an end without the question of the administration of the Chantry Bequest being raised so as to oblige the council of the Academy to make a reply to its critics. But it was useless to press an artistic discussion at a time when politicians were distracted by the hasty search for opinions or for some decent means of avoiding opinions on the tariff question. Short of Parliamentary challenge the recognised way in this country of calling official persons to account is to address a letter to the "Times", and by a well-understood convention officials are assumed to read any challenge of their action that appears in that paper and to defend themselves if a prima facie case is made out against them. A letter appeared in the "Times" summarising the now familiar charges, but to this no word of reply was made by the Trustees, though, as Mr. Bowyer Nichols very pertinently pointed out, Sir Edward Poynter jumped at the occasion to reply at considerable length on some minor point of National Gallery administration raised about the same time. In that case he saw an opportunity for scoring a point at the expense of the correspondent and did so voluminously: under charges affecting the whole administration of a national trust he has remained silent. These charges have been advanced with all possible moderation of statement, but if ignorance cannot be pleaded, they seriously touch the competence and honour of the Trustees.

Whether, in pursuing this policy of silence, the Trustees calculated on the affair blowing over with the picture-season, or argued that the criticism of their action was confined to a small number it is impossible to say; but they are by this time surely undeceived. During the vacation the charges have been vigorously pressed in two new quarters, the "Contemporary Review" and "Truth". The list was already a remarkable one, including papers like the "Daily Chronicle", "Westminster Gazette", the "Athenæum", "Academy", "Speaker". On the other hand no paper, so far as I am aware, has undertaken the defence of the Trustees, and even that faithful apologist and referee of the Academy, the editor of the "Magazine of Art", has given up their case as a bad one. Finally the "Spectator" has opened fire, and calls upon the Trustees to justify their



administration against an indictment so serious and widely sustained.

The "Spectator's" general re-statement of the case is an excellent one, and the deserved reputation of the paper for anxiously avoiding unfair attack will give it all the greater weight with the public. On one point of detail I will venture a criticism. It is unwise to risk discussion on any point that may lead the discussion away from the main issues. There is a danger of this if pictures are selected for praise or condemnation whose rank is at all widely disputable among critics with a claim to be heard. All such critics are in general agreement probably about the best and the worst pictures in the collection; there are others, on the border line either way, about which there is not as yet so general an agreement. I will give an instance out of several that occur to me in glancing at the "Spectator" critic's lists. He rules out Pettie's "Vigil" as a bad picture, and at the same time demands that Mr. Abbey should be represented in the collection. Now in my individual judgment Mr. Abbey, a graceful illustrator, has not shown himself so able a draughtsman and painter as Pettie, who had remarkable gifts in many respects. I should agree that Pettie was not a great artist, that his powers were seldom employed to great advantage, because there was something of the common illustrator in his imagination. He therefore falls definitely out of the first flight of artists for whom the Chantrey Bequest was intended, but among the illustrator class actually included he takes a high place, a higher one than, on any present showing, Mr. Abbey is likely to reach. I may be wrong about this and the "Spectator" critic right, but if the point is at all disputable, it is one to reserve. What we must combine upon is the inclusions and the omissions that no one, on the Council of the Academy itself, could defend with any face. Or, to narrow the issue still further, since the money for the bad pictures is spent and gone, let us hammer away at the omissions. Why, let us ask till we get an answer, were works by Stevens, Madox Brown, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Whistler, Burne-Jones, Legros, Cecil Lawson never bought with Chantrey funds? Will any member of the Academy venture to suggest that these artists were so obscure that it was necessary to give so many members and adherents of the Academy their turn, and in several cases a second turn, before they were thought of?

Or, as I have already suggested, since outside generosity has supplied some of these gaps, let us, pending a Parliamentary inquiry into the whole question, concentrate on the demand that the next purchase out of the Chantrey funds shall be of a picture by Mr. Whistler, or that the public shall have sufficient cause shown for the failure to obtain one. When I made this proposal Mr. Whistler was a veteran, but still living. Since his death the Academy, through certain of its members, has shown a remarkable tenderness for his memory, of which I propose coldly to point the moral. If the silence of the Academy is sometimes awkward, its conduct of a case when the silence is broken is ten times awkward.

First, I think, came a letter from Mr. Leslie, the Academician, proposing that Mr. Whistler's work should be included in the next Old Masters' exhibition. Against this it was urged by some friends of the dead painter that he had repeatedly of late expressed his determination that no work of his should, if he could help it, be shown at Burlington House. Here was an undeserved way of retreat opened to the Academy. Murmurs were beginning to be heard, "Why, if this painter was so great that you snatch his remains for your winter exhibition on the morrow of his death, why, in that case, was he never invited to join you during his life?" The Academicians might at this point have replied, "It was the dearest wish of our hearts, but we never could overcome Mr. Whistler's well-known objection to the Academy". Instead of taking this line, those delightfully maladroit gentlemen produce first, Mr. Leslie's witness that Mr. Whistler never said a word against them, and secondly, Mr. Luke Fildes's memory of a conversation (attested by the diary of Mr. Spielmann, miraculously at hand when such dubious schemes are in the air), to the effect that

Mr. Whistler was ready, at some rather distant period, to join the Academy if he were elected. If that was so, if these pleasant and confidential relations existed, and admiration of Mr. Whistler's talent ran so high, why, in the name of all that is reasonable, was he not made a member of the Academy?

We probably get the truth in a phrase quoted by Mr. Leslie from a letter of Mr. Boughton's. The latter, it appears, said to Mr. Whistler "If you had behaved yourself, you might have been President of the Academy". And by that, I take it, Mr. Boughton, whether approving or disapproving, meant that the Academy is regarded by its members not as a national association of the most distinguished artists obtainable, but as primarily a private social club. Mr. Whistler was critical, exigent, quarrelsome, and unsparing with his tongue; these, I suppose, were the features in his behaviour that gave offence, and they were certainly not features to endear him socially; the Academy is a club of good-fellows, and mastery in art cannot prevail in the absence of good-nature. Michael Angelo and other ill-treated men of genius would have been certainly ineligible.

I need not say that the discussion whether or not Mr. Whistler would have been willing to join this club, if invited, appears to me neither important nor profitable. But the members of that club have unfortunately been constituted guardians of a national trust and that is important. We can understand from their point of view, that they do not want thorny and uncomfortable men of genius among them; but it is intolerable that this club code of sociability should be applied in the case of a national collection: that genius should be blackballed there because of a want of respect for the susceptibilities of certain academicians. These amiable clubmen are eager to have the artist in their house as soon as his sharp tongue is still. If their admiration was so keen, how comes it that no sign of it appeared in his lifetime among the purchases for the Chantrey collection? I have cited Mr. Leslie and Mr. Boughton. Let me cite one more witness, Mr. Val Prinsep, who is said to be influential in the councils of the Academy. He sums up an article on Mr. Whistler in the "Magazine of Art" for the present month with the following words. "Future generations will feel that he has left behind much interesting work, and some half a dozen pictures that may be called first-rate. After all, of how many of his contemporaries can more, or indeed, as much be said?" Of how many indeed? And this admission, wrung out of the painter of "Ayesha", one of the poorest pictures in the Chantrey collection, at the end of an elaborately patronising and depreciatory article, are as strong a testimony as we require that the Trustees have not sinned in ignorance.

There, then, stand the three witnesses. Mr. Leslie considers that Mr. Whistler deserves the honours of an Old Master. Mr. Boughton told him he might have been President of the Academy. Mr. Prinsep yields him his true position among the few artists of his time for whom Chantrey expressly designed his bequest.

I think we are entitled to ask these gentlemen, What steps have you taken, when you have served your turn on the Council of the Academy, to carry out the terms of Chantrey's will, which obviously apply to work you rate so highly, and if you have failed so far in that primary duty what steps do you propose to take to relieve yourselves of this reproach?

I do not assume that nothing has been done; and I may add that Mr. Leslie and Mr. Boughton have this advantage over so many of those amazing Trustees, their colleagues, that no works of their own figure in the Chantrey collection. But I think the public has a right to require of the whole body that the first honour they pay to Mr. Whistler's memory is to see that he is represented in the national collection, rather than to arrange for an exhibition by which the revenues of the Academy would incidentally profit. "If they had behaved themselves", what a collection we might have had, instead of one that is a shame and a derision.

P.S.—In my article on the National Art Collections Fund I stated that unexpended balances of the paltry annual grant to the National Gallery revert to the Treasury. On this detail it appears I was mistaken, and I take this opportunity of making the correction.

D. S. MACCOLL.

## AN HYPOCRISY IN PLAYGOING.

Ecosstoetchiayoomahnioeevahrachellopestibahntamahntafahnta . . . shall I go on? No? You do not catch my meaning, when I write thus? I am to express myself, please, in plain English? If I wrote the whole of my article as I have written the beginning of it, you would, actually, refuse to read it? I am astonished. The chances are that you do not speak Italian, do not understand Italian when it is spoken. The chances are that Italian spoken from the stage of a theatre produces for you no more than the empty, though rather pretty, effect which it produces for me, and which I have tried to suggest phonetically in print. And yet the chances are also that you were in the large British audience which I saw, last Wednesday afternoon, in the Adelphi Theatre — that large, patient, respectful audience, which sat out the performance of "Hedda Gabler". Surely, you are a trifle inconsistent? You will not tolerate two columns or so of gibberish from me, and yet you will profess to have passed very enjoyably a whole afternoon in listening to similar gibberish from Signora Duse. Suppose that not only my article, but the whole of this week's REVIEW were written in the fashion which you reject, and suppose that the price of the REVIEW were raised from sixpence to ninepence (proportionately to the increased price for seats at the Adelphi when Signora Duse comes there). To be really consistent, you would have to pay, without a murmur, that ninepence, and to read, from cover to cover, that REVIEW, and to enjoy, immensely, that perusal. An impossible feat? Well, just so would it be an impossible feat not to be bored by the Italian version of "Hedda Gabler". Why not confess your boredom? Better still, why go to be bored?

All this sounds rather brutal. But it is a brutal thing to object to humbug, and only by brutal means can humbug be combated, and there seems to me no form of humbug sillier and more annoying than the habit of attending plays that are acted in a language whereof one cannot make head or tail. Of course, I do not resent the mere fact that Signora Duse comes to London. Let that distinguished lady be made most welcome. Only, let the welcome be offered by appropriate people. There is plenty of them. There is the personnel of the embassy in Grosvenor Square. There are the organ-grinders, too, and the ice-cream men. And there are some other, some English, residents in London who have honourably mastered the charming Italian tongue. Let all this blest minority flock to the Adelphi every time, and fill as much of it as they can. But, for the most part, the people who, instead of staying comfortably at home, insist on flocking and filling are they to whom, as to me, Italian is gibberish, and who have not, as have I, even the excuse of a mistaken sense of duty. Perhaps they have some such excuse. Perhaps they really do feel that they are taking a means of edification. "We needs must praise the highest when we see it"; Duse is (we are assured) the highest; therefore we needs must see her, for our own edification, and go into rhapsodies. Such, perhaps, is the unsound syllogism which these good folk mutter. I suggest, of what spiritual use is it to see the highest if you cannot understand it? Go round to the booksellers and buy Italian grammars, Italian conversation-books, the "Inferno", and every other possible means to a nodding acquaintance with Italian. Stick to your task; and then, doubtless, when next Signora Duse comes among us, you will derive not merely that edification which is now your secret objective, but also that gratification which you are so loudly professing. I know your rejoinder to that. "Oh, Duse's personality is so wonderful. Her temperament is so marvellous. And then her art! It doesn't matter whether we know Italian or not. We only have to watch the movements of her hands" (rhapsodies omitted) "and the changes of her face" (r. o.) "and the inflections of her voice" (r. o.) "to understand everything, positively everything". Are you so sure? I take it that you understand more from the performance of an Italian play which you have read in an

English translation than from the performance of an Italian play which never has been translated. There are, so to say, degrees in your omniscience. You understand more if you have read the translation lately than if a long period has elapsed since your reading of it. Are you sure that you would not understand still more if the play were acted in English? Of course you are. Nay, and equally of course, you are miserably conscious of all the innumerable things that escape you, that flit faintly past you. You read your English version, feverishly, like a timid candidate for an examination, up to the very last moment before your trial. Perhaps you even smuggle it in with you, for furtive cribbing. But this is a viva voce examination: you have no time for cribbing: you must rely on Signora Duse's voice, hands, face and your own crammed memory. And up to what point has your memory been crammed? You remember the motive of the play, the characters, the sequence of the scenes. Then you recognise on the stage. But do you recognise the masquerading words? Not you. They all flash past you, whirl round you, mocking, not to be caught, not to be challenged and unmasked. You stand sheepishly in their midst, like a solitary stranger strayed into a masked ball. Or, to reverse the simile, you lurch this way and that, clutching futile air, like the central figure in blindman's buff. Occasionally you do catch a word or two. These are only the proper names, but they are very welcome. It puts you in pathetic conceit with yourself, for the moment, when from the welter of unmeaning vowels and consonants "Ejlert Lövborg" or "Hedda Gabler" suddenly detaches itself, like a silver trout "rising" from a muddy stream. These are your only moments of comfort. For the rest, your irritation at not grasping the details prevents you from taking pleasure in your power to grasp the general effect.

I doubt even whether, in the circumstances, you can have that synthetic power fully and truly. It may be that what I am going to say about Signora Duse as Hedda Gabler is vitiated by incapacity to understand exactly her rendering of the part as a whole. She may be more plausibly like Hedda Gabler than she seems to me. Mark, I do not say that she may have conceived the part more intelligently, more rightly, with greater insight into Ibsen's meaning. And perhaps I should express myself more accurately if I said that Hedda Gabler may be more like Signora Duse than she seems to me. For this actress never stoops to impersonation. I have seen her in many parts, but I have never (you must take my evidence for what it is worth) detected any difference in her. To have seen her once is to have seen her always. She is artistically right or wrong according as whether the part enacted by her can or cannot be merged and fused into her own personality. Can Hedda Gabler be so merged and fused? She is self-centred. Her eyes are turned inward to her own soul. She does not try to fit herself into the general scheme of things. She broods disdainfully aloof. So far so good; for Signora Duse, as we know her, is just such another. (This can be said without offence. The personality of an artist, as shown through his or her art, is not necessarily a reflection, and is often a flat contradiction—a complement—to his or her personality in life.) But Hedda is also a minx, and a ridiculous minx, and not a nice minx. Her revolt from the circumstances of her life is untinted with nobility. She imagines herself to be striving for finer things, but her taste is in fact not good enough for what she gets. One can see that Ibsen hates her, and means us to laugh at her. For that reason she "wears" much better than those sister-rebels whom Ibsen glorified. She remains as a lively satire on a phase that for serious purposes is out of date. She ought to be played with a sense of humour, with a comedic understanding between the player and the audience. Signora Duse is not the woman to create such an understanding. She cannot, moreover, convey a hint of minxishness: that quality is outside her rubric. Hedda is anything but listless. She is sick of a life which does not tickle her with little ready-made excitements. But she is ever alert to contrive these little excitements for herself. She is the very soul of restless mischief. Signora Duse suggested the



weary calm of one who has climbed to a summit high above the gross world. She was, as one who sighs, but can afford to smile, being at rest with herself. She was spiritual, statuesque, somnambulist, what you will, always in direct opposition to eager, snappy, fascinating, nasty little Hedda Gabler. Resignedly she shot the pistol from the window. Resignedly she bent over the book of photographs with the lover who had returned. Resignedly she lured him to drunkenness. Resignedly she committed his MS. to the flames. Resignation, as always, was the keynote of her performance. And here, as often elsewhere, it rang false.

However, it was not the only performance of Hedda Gabler. There was another, and, in some ways, a better. While Signora Duse walked through her part, the prompter threw himself into it with a will. A more raucous whisper I never heard than that which preceded the Signora's every sentence. It was like the continuous tearing of very thick silk. I think it worried every one in the theatre, except the Signora herself, who listened placidly to the prompter's every reading, and, as soon as he had finished, reproduced it in her own way. This process made the *matinée* a rather long one. By a very simple expedient the extra time might have been turned to good account. How much pleasure would have been gained, and how much hypocrisy saved, if there had been an interpreter on the O.P. side, to shout in English what the prompter was whispering in Italian!

MAX BEERBOHM.

#### THE BASIS OF FIRE INSURANCE.

FIRE insurance was once described as a business of "magnificent guessing", and although such a description is no longer appropriate it must be admitted that the basis of Fire insurance is by no means so sound, or so exact, as the accumulated records of past mortality upon which both the theory and practice of Life assurance are founded. Although Fire insurance has been practised for over two centuries, in fact the existing Hand-in-Hand was founded in 1696, the business has been conducted on an approximately fair and safe basis only for some fifty or sixty years. Two hundred years ago there were only two classes of risks, brick buildings, and timber buildings; and apparently only two rates of premium. At that time the insurance of the contents of buildings was not thought of. This novelty seems to have been introduced by the Sun in 1710. By very slow degrees it was recognised that various risks demanded very different premiums, and so long ago as 1830 the Scottish Fire companies came to an understanding about the minimum rates to be charged for certain important classes of insurance.

The real attempt to collect experience on a large scale, and to use the records of the past for the guidance of the future, may be said to have commenced in 1858 with the formation of the Fire Offices' Committee. This is an association of the leading Fire companies, which determines from the combined experience of many offices a uniform rate to be charged for a great many specific classes of risks. It is very easy to find fault with some of the actions of this tariff association: it commands the adhesion of the principal Fire insurance companies and wields an enormous power. Not unnaturally it takes good care that the conditions of the policies and the rates of premium decided upon are favourable to the Fire offices. But the results of its actions over a long series of years proved that it does not use its power for the purpose of enforcing unduly high rates of premium.

The average profit of Fire insurance companies is about 6 per cent. of the premium income, of which about 3 per cent. is paid to the shareholders in dividends, the remaining 3 per cent. being added to the reserves, which, being the property of the shareholders, increases the capital value of the shares.

There can be no question, however, of the benefit derived from a comparison of the experience of the great majority of Fire offices in regard to the different classes of risks; no one office, however large, could from its own records provide such trustworthy data for judging the appropriate cost of insuring any particular

class of risk. As indicating the complexity of the factors that enter into the problem of determining a fair rate for Fire insurance it has been estimated that there are more than one hundred features of construction of buildings, forty features in regard to the City, or environment; forty more different features of fire appliances; and more than one thousand possible hazards of occupancy.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that the determination of premium rates has been made by somewhat rough and ready methods; but, even if the complexity of the subject makes exact methods impossible, the value of collating the experience of a large number of Fire insurance companies can scarcely be over-estimated.

We must perhaps discount the practical value of quasi-scientific theory in view of the fact that the theory of Fire-insurance rating is more highly developed in the United States than in any other country; while at the same time violent vagaries and irregularities of practice are more conspicuous in the States than anywhere else. In spite of the complexities of the subject, however, the managers of a business of such importance must of necessity seek for organised knowledge gathered from a wide area, if the business of Fire insurance is to give fair treatment to all classes of policyholders, and to compare, even approximately, for stability and soundness with the sister system of Life assurance.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S IMPERIAL POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kincraig, Cutcliffe Grove, Bedford, 4 October, 1903.

SIR,—We hear, and shall doubtless continue to hear, a great deal about "taxing the food of the people". For revenue purposes, food taxes to the extent of some £13,000,000 are already imposed, and presumably the so-called Free Food League does not propose to abolish those taxes altogether. Has it not been conclusively shown that the great fall in the price of corn came long after the abolition of the corn laws, and is there the slightest possibility of the price of corn reaching the figures it stood at in the middle of the last century, in the event of a small tax being imposed on foreign foodstuffs in order to give colonial producers a preference? If we thus stimulate the wheat-producing areas in the colonies, it should be to our own advantage in the long run. To put a tax on a portion of the foodstuffs entering this country is not the same as to put a tax on the whole of it. There would be competing sources of supply. The price of the whole would be raised slightly but not to the full extent of the duty on foreign supplies. Mr. Chamberlain has throughout maintained that the cost of living need not be increased. Is there any cause to show that it will be? There would be modifications and readjustments.

What guarantee have we that the present mode of obtaining the revenue is the best that could be devised? Is it a greater crime to put moderate taxes on various articles of manufactured goods, which at present enter these markets free and in many cases compete with the home-produced article, than to tax tea, or to impose a high income-tax on those with moderate incomes? It is practically certain that the foreign manufacturer would pay at least a portion of the duty imposed on manufactured goods imported into this country, when there are competing goods made here. The price would be regulated by the cost of production and competition amongst the manufacturers here, if the taxes imposed are kept moderate. Moreover, for the benefit of the consumer, in order to further prevent the possibility of monopoly amongst the home manufacturers, we might let colonial manufactured goods enter on the minimum scale; their foodstuffs would come in free or at a figure consistent with maintaining agriculture in this country in a satisfactory condition. In return, reciprocal advantages would be expected in their markets.

Those who maintain that it would be suicidal for this country to modify its free import policy in the slightest particular, no matter for what ends, deserve a respect.

ful hearing, but it would be ridiculous to say that the whole prosperity of this country is due to that policy. We have to consider the future. The world is not standing still. We cannot expect to retain a monopoly of manufacturing ability.

What guarantee have we that the cost of raw materials will be kept low by a system of free imports? We draw upon the whole world for raw materials but we cannot always get them at remunerative prices. Look at the present condition of the cotton industry.

The whole problem of Imperial preference should be carefully and calmly examined. If it can be conclusively shown that it would be detrimental to the best interests of this country and of the constituents of the Empire, by all means reject it. But many people calling themselves "Liberals" would not at one time consider the question at all.

Yours truly,

J. A. REID.

### THE CURSE OF CHEAPNESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bath, 30 September, 1903.

"If bread is dear why do not the people eat pie-crust?" Such was the speech of a French aristocrat when told that owing to the high price of bread the peasantry were starving. Of course the pie-crust she referred to was the common paste in which savoury and expensive raised pies were cooked, and which is very similar in character to the paste which surrounds the Melton Mowbray and other pork pies. In the controversy which is raging amongst men well qualified from natural gifts, from experience, and from study to carry it on, it is probable that in time some conclusion will be come to,—some policy decided on regardless of the jargon and cant of stale and antiquated shibboleths. I am not going to add my quota to the discussion. I am like Mr. Balfour, too strong a free trader, and I may add too strong a Conservative, to condemn a system under which the United Kingdom,—and I may add some of its Colonies,—has prospered for a period of sixty years.

But I have not heard the proposition which I venture to maintain that "Extreme cheapness of articles is a curse rather than a blessing". Observation and inquiry have convinced me that bread and flour are much too cheap; and that in all classes both from the highest to the lowest there is a frightful waste and extravagance and that out of every hundred quarters of flour at least twenty are wasted. The consumption of bread averages about a pound a day and the rise of a half-penny per quarter involves about a penny a week or sixpence for six persons. In my own home the consumption is  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. per day.

There is probably less waste in large hotels and restaurants and clubs conducted on truly business principles than in other places. There formerly was great waste, but the practice of providing rolls both for breakfast and especially dinners has reduced this to a minimum. It will be within the experience of many that it is now rare to find household bread offered at the above places. But for all that in a moderate-sized restaurant the waste is at least ten loaves a day and in larger ones goes up to 100 a day.

In the houses of the very rich the waste of bread is considerable. In the houses of the middle classes the quantity of bread given to birds amounts to many thousand loaves a year. The quantity of bread given to beggars who throw it into the first garden or other place that they pass is also very large.

Large quantities are also from various members of the community thrown into the pigs' wash. In France all this is saved. When we come to the consumption of flour, it is no doubt inevitable that crust, such as I have referred to, shall be made pretty thick for the manufacture or composition of pies and fruit tarts. But invention would be stimulated if flour was somewhat dearer, for at least one-half of the pie-crust of the millions of veal and pork pies and fruit tarts made for the consumption of the poor is practically thrown away.

Notwithstanding all this waste, according to statistics the average consumption of imported corn and flour is only 240 lbs. per head per annum.

This works out about £1 4s. per annum that the British consumer expends on imported flour. An import duty of 2s. per quarter will cause an increase of expenditure of about one farthing per week per head. I am no fanatic on temperance, and recognise that a certain expenditure on drink is inevitable; but the average consumption of alcoholic drink per head (including of course millions who never take any) is £4 5s. 6d. The ordinary working-man certainly spends fourpence a day on beer, which works out £6 2s. per annum, which is nearly double what he spends on bread. It is to the cheapness of bread and of drink that the poverty and degradation of some of the unemployed are to be attributed, owing to their being able to devote such immense sums as they do to the consumption of drink at the expense of their families; and the cheaper food is the more will be spent in drink. The stunted growth, and the deterioration alleged to exist among those offering themselves as recruits are to be attributed to their being given in early life too much bread to eat, and too little vegetable and meat, and also to the drinking propensities of the parent who is able to devote to drink a certain saving from the cheapness of bread and other food. If the price of drink was trebled, and that of bread doubled a large portion of the community would be much happier.

The sum of the matter is that, putting aside all questions of free trade or protection, preferential tariffs, retaliatory duties, colonial development and the strengthening of the Empire, the cry of the "Food of the people" is all political clap-trap and humbug. Extreme cheapness is a curse rather than a blessing, whether it is flour, bread, sugar, or drink. The cheapness of the first two encourages drinking, of sugar produces stunted growth and decayed teeth and lowers the price of drink, and the cheapness of drink produces excessive drinking.

I am, your obedient servant,

E. C. PETGRAVE.

### GERMAN AND ENGLISH BREAD PRICES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hamburg, 5 October.

SIR,—You say well in your issue of the 19th inst. that it is a crime to confirm the poor in their prejudices against cheaper but more nourishing food, such as well-to-do people eat in Germany; prominent men who without due examination lend themselves to do this incur a great responsibility. As it is, Englishmen have prejudices enough, and they are not easily shaken off, even by people who travel with knowledge of men and languages. I have dropped some of my prejudices very slowly indeed, but much to my advantage.

As the bread question is having more attention now you will perhaps allow me a further space in your REVIEW;—The "Daily Telegraph" of the 17th inst. gives the following comparative values as existing at the beginning of the year, viz. :—

	Price of Bread per 4 lbs.	Price of Flour per Stone.
London ... ..	4½d. and 5d.	1s. 5½d.
Berlin ... ..	5½d.	2s. 1d.

and the average price for London for April to August comes out at 4½d.\*—the difference between material and product being obviously in favour of Berlin. The quotations I forwarded you in August for bread made of a combination of wheat and rye flour for the so-called "Feinbrod", and coarse rye and wheat meal for the so-called "Schwarzbrod", are the same to-day; this bread is used by all classes here.

I do not mean to contend, as some are inclined to do, that trade here is conducted with superior knowledge, but certainly it is with more economy or less wastefulness; they may have been taught economy here by precarious times, previous to the establishment of the present Empire; the young generation certainly now get a good commercial and technical training here, but all this would have been of little avail, but for the sound commercial laws in support of traders, among which the protective tariff stands in the front rank:

\* These figures bear out my contention that the German ways are more economical; with flour in Berlin at 2s. 1d. and bread at 5½d., bread in London, with flour at 1s. 5½d., ought not to be over 4d.



one of the minor measures to assist trade has been the decimal system, adopted here after the Franco-German war; it greatly facilitates exact calculations and is more easily understood by foreigners than our antiquated weights, measures, &c.

England dominated markets forty or fifty years ago, rapidly falling off herein during the last twenty years; unless arrested in some way the falling off will certainly continue; the great majority of people here look upon England's commerce and influence as on the road to decay, and that a further share of it will come to them; perhaps they will be less confident before long.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,

A. DROEGE.

#### THE ARMY WE REQUIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—To anyone who studies the question of Army Reform, it seems incredible that the nation does not insist upon having a modern army, after they have had the revelations of the Royal Commission placed before them.

What is the army we require? We may take it that we require for the Empire an army of some 700,000 fully trained troops, exclusive of colonial and native contingents. When I say, fully trained, I exclude all, such as the Militia and Volunteers, who, owing to lack of time, and other reasons, are only partially trained.

These numbers should be raised by making everyone liable for a two years' compulsory service at home, with the usual exemptions, and with the proviso that, as abroad, this term could be reduced to one year in the case of those who pass a certain examination.

The army for abroad must remain voluntary with a high rate of pay, supported by local forces organised as Militia.

The highest authorities in the army have expressed their opinion before the Commission that no other system, except one based on compulsory service, will give us the army we require.

If we refuse to rise to our responsibilities, the penalty which will fall upon us is very certain. It is nothing more or less, than the loss of our trade, our wealth, our Empire, and the relegation of a once powerful nation to the dying races of the world.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

"MILES."

#### "PORT" AND "THOUGHT".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Does your correspondent, Mr. Kent, in "sup-pawt" of that unholy alliance, "port" and "sought" (not to speak of "morn" and "lawn") really mean to assert that these "rhymes", hateful to the eye, are pleasant to the ear? This whole correspondence reminds me of the anecdote of a clergyman who, after deploring the pronunciation of the lower classes, went into the pulpit and said: "He that hath yahs to yah, let him yah". That clergyman may have been a "most cultivated man", but his pronunciation would not justify the rhyming of "ear" with "bah", for instance.

I do not deny that many "most cultivated" men (mis-) pronounce "port" as "pawt" and "morn" as "mawn"; but the mispronunciation of cultivated men, even, should not be a precedent.

I also maintain that the "r" in "port" and "morn" may, and should, be sounded, sneers about "Scotch sea-captain", "Grub Street" and "burr" notwithstanding, and that when correctly sounded it is not as a "burr" but faintly, I may even say delicately and, nevertheless, *always appreciably*.

Of course, the case of "abode" and "God" is not analogous, for here the dissimilarity is so great that it merely constitutes one of those surprises to the ear which sometimes are the most beautiful of all the effects in a poem or a piece of music.

It is the very approximation in "lawn" and "morn" which is horrid to the ear—a sort of poetical half truth.

Yours obediently,

ALICE SEDGWICK.

#### REVIEWS.

##### THE LOVES OF MARY STUART.

"The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots." By Martin Hume. London: Eveleigh Nash. 1903. 12s. 6d.

TO the vexed question of the love affairs of Mary Stuart and those of her whole career the author of this book is one of the first to bring an open and unbiassed mind. In the pages of Major Hume, Mary Stuart is neither a saint nor a criminal, but a clever beautiful, unlucky, ill-advised, and dauntless woman. To be a woman was at once her weakness and her strength. The author, whilst acknowledging all the advantages that she derived from her femininity, most skilfully and convincingly shows that her soft heart was the undoing of her shrewd head. But he does not forget to point out (by inference), knowing Spanish, that the "multiplicity of the greyhounds is the undoing of the hare". In the lifelong struggle between Mary and Elizabeth, whilst Mary (as Major Hume well says) was "in many respects a much finer and nobler nature than Elizabeth", she was surrounded by as arrant a set of scoundrels as the world has known. She was "a woman of higher courage [than Elizabeth], more generous, magnanimous and confiding, and, apart from her incomparably greater beauty and fascination, possessed mental adornments fully equal if not superior to those of the English Queen . . . but she was periodically swept away helplessly and irremediably by the irresistible rush of her purely sexual passion."

This passage is the key-note to the present work. No one, till Major Hume, has appeared to attack the question of Mary and her love affairs from the point of view of common sense. Common sense is said to be pre-eminently an English quality, but it is not common sense to judge Mary Queen of Scots either from the high royalist standpoint, or from that of the nonconformist snuffe. On the other hand strict impartiality often degenerates into mere mugwumpery, and whose soul is so base as not [to revolt a little from the absolutely impartial man? Major Hume is partial as towards the beautiful and fascinating woman and impartial to the Queen and politician. In the same way he is partial to the firmness and virility of Queen Elizabeth's international policy, and impartial as regards her powder, her paint, and her philanderings with her various pretenders.

So that given his great command over the history of the period, his deep and careful research into hitherto unused documents, and his clear and easy style, his book cannot but be charming, and we recommend it most heartily to the cultured and the uncultured public alike.

In no book that we know on the subject is there so idyllic an account of Mary's childhood, and of her education and marriage in France. This period is usually slurred over by all writers on the theme, but taken into conjunction with the fact that Mary was half French, it explains her incapacity to understand her Scottish subjects. In a passage that shows much insight into Mary's character, Major Hume points out that Mary in her well-known poem

"Qui en mon doux printems  
Et fleur de ma jeunesse"

only pities herself.

From this he deduces that she was selfish. That of course is so. We are all selfish, and we well remember a conversation we had with the late Mr. Whistler, in which he sustained that the public of Paris was more artistic than that of London, advancing the proposition that one public was not and could not be (in a Philistine world) more or less artistic than another. Mary was selfish no doubt, but had she not been so, she would have been even more helpless than she was with the people she was born to reign over. No one sees more clearly than the writer of the book that Mary had a good deal to put up with in changing France for Scotland, for, whilst noticing the well-known episode of the miserable train of West Highland ponies which was sent to take her and her ladies from Leith to Edinburgh on her first landing, he says quoting from

Brantôme "but since she must change her heaven to hell, she must else have patience".

Knox fares but scurvily at the writer's hands, and it is delightful to find a man with the pluck to describe that arch impostor in the following terms:—

"Him also we know as embodying what has since become a recognised type of religious Scotsman. To him the only righteousness, the only salvation was to be found within the narrow limits of his own view of his own creed. All else was anathema; and with beauty, and sweetness, and mercy, with kindly pity for the erring, with humble recognition of the frailty of human judgment, with tender trust in God's mercy even to the guilty, John Knox would hold no party."

He might have added that he was a poor patriot, putting his own narrow creed before his country's independence as a nation, for he was a pro-English partisan, and a base fawner upon women in power in spite of his "Monstrous Regiment". Mary having little or no power, and being young and friendless he did not hesitate to bully and attack her in terms which must have been gross even in the times in which he lived. We are glad to see this impartial view of Knox for the Scotch have so thrust their version of Knox upon the world that though the man undoubtedly was interesting as a type, his blacker side has been hidden entirely from view, and his most odious faults transformed to virtues.

With consummate art the author lets us see what Mary had to face in the country of her forefathers. He shows us how the game was lost for her almost before the cards were dealt, and that without palliating her faults and weaknesses. But in the vexed Chastelard episodes though quoting all that her enemies Knox and Buchanan said against her, he observes with truth that "if Mary had desired an immoral intrigue with the Frenchman we may be perfectly certain that she could have found a way to indulge in it without this open scandal".

His view is probably correct that Mary must have had something in her manner to inspire men with sensual passion. This is not abnormal in the case of beautiful and fascinating women, even though they be queens. The comparison between Elizabeth and Mary in this connexion is a masterly piece of insight into human nature, and comes with double force from a writer who has studied the psychology of the love affairs of both the Queens.

Major Hume's view of the Casket Letters is on the whole not so favourable to Mary as that of Mr. Andrew Lang. He contends with great show of reason that it is possible that Mary wrote some of them, and indeed we know of no writer of the Scottish Court but the Queen herself, who could have penned the sonnet commencing

"Mon amour croist, et plus en croistra".

Even though Knox or Buchanan had all the will in the world to damage Mary, we doubt whether either of them could have written the line

"Vers qui en fin mon amour paroitra  
Si très à clair, que jamais n'en doutra".

But in the whole business the dastardly measures of the Regent Murray, the most abject hound of the race of Stuart, are well brought out by this most impartial writer. He has also managed to render Mary's sonnets into clear and melodious English verse. In one matter only do we dissent from him. He says that "as was the case with those of Elizabeth, . . . the love affairs of Mary Stuart were in most cases purely political". It appears to us that her marriage with the Dauphin, which gave her the only brief happiness of her troubled life, if dictated by policy, was on her part cemented with love. For Darnley for a short time she undoubtedly cherished an overwhelming caprice, and as regards Bothwell the whole affair is so wrapped in mystery that it is difficult to hazard an opinion. Certainly no political consideration could have influenced her to ally herself with the most detested man in her domains. If she was a consenting party to her abduction, it can only be explained by a passing passion for the border ruffian, who perhaps had stirred her curiosity. If she yielded to

force women have no doubt occasionally loved those who have done them violence. In fact the sonnet

"Pour lui aussi, je jete mainte larme  
Premier quand il se fit de ce corps possesseur  
De quel alors, il n'avoit pas le cœur".

seems to indicate that that is what had happened in her case.

In regard to Norfolk no other motive but policy could possibly have influenced her.

As a whole the book will we think advance the writer many steps in the estimation of the public, and cannot but shed new light on the often-handled but apparently ever-fresh sorrows, weaknesses and enchantment of the much-written-of Queen of Scots. It only remains to say that the illustrations, especially the curious portrait of Darnley, are excellent, and that the whole book is a careful scholarly and literary production which easily entitles Major Hume to the first rank if not the first place amongst contemporary English historians.

#### BABIES OF THE FUTURE.

"Mankind in the Making." By H. G. Wells.  
London: Chapman and Hall. 1903. 7s. 6d.

MR. WELLS, we are afraid, will rather try the patience of many of his admirers by his present book. He has won a very enviable popularity and appreciation by his previous clever blends of facts of the present and fancies which may be the future; but a great part of the pleasure they gave the reader depended on his being able to treat them with as much or as little seriousness as he pleased. But the case is quite otherwise when Mr. Wells sets himself to write sociological essays which are really polemic tracts, and intended satires embodying his own views on almost every disputable topic ever discussed in the British Empire. If Mr. Wells writes lucubrations of this kind, everyone will approach them in a quite different mood from that in which their more brilliant and impersonal predecessors were welcomed. How different we may realise by picturing to ourselves what would be our reception of a desperately serious pamphlet by Mr. W. S. Gilbert on the abolition of the House of Lords after his famous song in "Iolanthe". A satirist may be cynical, savage, as disagreeable in multitudes of ways as is possible to conceive without raising a feeling of impatience with him personally, if his ideas are only communicated in a created atmosphere of fable or romance. So too we can find pleasure in a romancer's construction of an imaginary society whether we agree or not with the social or political theories he is embodying in it; with a protest however against the excessive production of Utopias and "Looking Backwards" and "News from Nowhere". But Mr. Wells' "Mankind in the Making" being essentially a satirical pamphlet, an explosion of personal feelings of a bitter kind, will excite against him as much hostility as, say, Mr. Balfour's Sheffield speech has excited in the minds of the Duke of Devonshire and the school of the free traders; or, to be quite impartial, as the Duke of Devonshire's letter has excited in Mr. Balfour's. Such a great deal of it is grotesque as well as very ill-humoured.

We do not disagree with Mr. Wells about the importance of babies. They are both important for the future and troublesome in the present; but we do not feel inclined to saddle ourselves with the extra trouble of discussing in connexion with them whether they should be brought up as Republicans—even New Republicans—or not: or the immoral effects of monarchy and aristocracy on their young and tender minds. Poor babies! they are in a bad way. They don't get fed properly, nor taught properly, nor sufficiently interested. Their toys are not what they ought to be: their parents are not what they ought to be: nor their schools and schoolmasters nor the religion and morality they are taught; and they live in very bad houses and in bad atmosphere and they go to work too soon and speak bad English. The consequence is that when they grow up they are far from being the kind of fellows Mr. Wells would like to see them. They are rude and vulgar; they oppress their inferiors and kow-tow to



the King and the aristocracy; and they are Imperialists and rejoice overmuch when they succeed at last in thrashing the Boers. A good deal of this we were acquainted with already. Mr. Wells has written up the current discussions about education and efficiency and housing; and there is plenty of sense in what he says; and he says most of it in a very interesting way. But we hope Mr. Wells will not found a party of New Republicans who will take him quite seriously, and make a prophet of him, and pledge themselves to a moral, social, religious and educational programme founded on babies. Mr. Wells appears to plume himself remarkably on his discovery of babies; as if nobody before him had ever suspected their existence. He is immensely scornful of our imbecility and wickedness in thinking so much of Conservative Governments, and Liberal Governments, and politics in general in comparison with babies. He is quite right; but to say "I am for the babies" still leaves a great many questions in connexion with them unsettled; and very often we must occupy ourselves in their real interests with matters which appear rather remote from them. Yet we are not really neglecting them as Mr. Wells seems to imagine; and the world for an untold number of ages has been quite aware that all the complex machinery of society only exists for the sake of babies in esse and posse. That all family arrangements are ordered for the provision of their temporal and spiritual wants is a matter of even more conscious general knowledge. Also almost everybody knew before Mr. Wells that "The child is father to the man". So that after all, though society may deserve many, if not all, of the hard things Mr. Wells says about it in relation to babies, it cannot justly be reproached with having ignored their presence in its midst, and with having altogether neglected them, though no doubt what it has done has been done in a blundering sort of fashion. His New Republicans are henceforth to live wholly for them and really give their minds to the subject.

Mr. Wells makes a number of suggestions very ingenious and interesting and well worth reflection; but though he is very sure that many things are wrong and very defiantly insists on the fact, he is not so fanatical as to suppose that he is in a position to lay down a new code ready made. The breeding of babies for example which lies at the root of the difficulty must go on in the present haphazard fashion indefinitely, as there seems within measurable distance of being discovered no more scientific method for improving their quality. As to their education and, in relation thereto, their psychology, with which we must admit Mr. Wells seems to have an uncanny acquaintance, he makes it very plain that the New Republicans will for a long time yet have their hands full. Everything is wrong in the educational field and Mr. Wells reserves his bitterest oburgations for schoolmasters and teachers. We shall not commit the absurdity of criticising Mr. Wells' proposals as if they were anything but the merest tentatives, many of which seem admirable and as many will seem abominable to those who cannot put themselves into the skins of New Republicans in futuro. But we admire Mr. Wells' splendid plea for the English language; to preserve its ancient magnificences and protect it from being submerged with the mean neologisms of squalid modern English and American. Beyond mentioning that Mr. Wells' plans for leading babies to the fountain of English undefiled involve the aid of the millionaire in providing, through scholars, the exact books he thinks necessary for this purpose, we will say nothing.

We have noticed that the New Republican is committed to seeing in monarchy a certain atmosphere not good for the baby as he grows up. He recognises however that what ought to be the intellectual and moral ideals of our babies are quite as shocked or hypnotised under what we call Democracy as under Monarchy. A Monarchist need not really be angry with Mr. Wells whose political forecast is not anything recognisable in the present. He seeks no model in America and his distrust of the effects of even our own not to say American democracy is thoroughly healthy. But to show how extremely

tentative Mr. Wells is, and how little he can be taken as seriously devising working plans that require criticism we may take as an example his ingenious idea of correcting our parliamentary polling system by an adaptation of trial by jury. Mr. Wells has jumped at the idea with the facility of the novelist who sees an escape from a difficulty in his plot; but he evidently knows nothing of the abuses of the legal jury system, which would be repeated in politics and make the political jury as much an instrument of party manipulation as the American wards. He should talk to a lawyer and learn what abuses are inherent in "the palladium of British liberty" and will be until it is time for the New Republic, when it will of course share the general improvement which will have overtaken everything else. On the whole we must describe Mr. Wells' clever book as being essentially founded on socialistic ideas, with variations from the familiar type due to Mr. Wells' well-known ingenuity and intellectual agility. That he contemplates the existence of private property in the New Republic under the conditions he lays down is nothing; no two socialistic schemes are ever alike. A reader who is not familiar with speculations as to the possible future forms that society may assume may think Mr. Wells' book more novel than it really is. He has shown fresher fancy in his other books than in this; though he has not posed himself there so seriously excepting in the "Discovery of the Future" which is the present book in germ. We really think Mr. Wells had better resume his novels; though we quite believe that many who may be attracted by his name to read this book would be benefited by the high and serious view it presents of the actual facts and the possibilities of society.

#### THE PUMPKINIFICATION OF CLAUDIUS.

"The Satire of Seneca on the Apotheosis of Claudius, commonly called the 'Αποκολοκύντωσις'." A Study by Allan Penley Ball. New York: Columbia University Press. \$1.25. London: Macmillan. 1902.

SENECA as a preacher is familiar to all, by name at least; as a dramatist, the critic knows how great an influence he had on the form of tragedy in Europe; most of us have a sort of contempt for him, as the stoic millionaire, and the tutor of Nero who perhaps encouraged his vices. On a superficial view, it is easy to condemn him without understanding; his faults are only too plain. But Seneca's character is really more subtle than appears on a superficial view. Let those who live in Morocco or Constantinople say whether it is possible to be the subject of an absolute despot without some casuistry; they will not condemn him harshly if he took the only way possible for a man who desired to live, unless he were a hero. But heroes are few. Indeed, Seneca was no hero; he was a very human person indeed, too human not to chafe bitterly at the degradation which he believed it necessary to undergo. And this side of him by a lucky chance is made clearer to us by the extraordinary pamphlet which goes by the name of the "Pumpkinification of Claudius". So different is the view of his character which the pamphlet presents that many have doubted his authorship. The objection of inconsistency is only another way of saying that Seneca wrote nothing else like it; and the piece gives the impression that its author was writing at white heat to relieve feelings which had been long repressed. It cannot be proved that Seneca wrote it; but Mr. Ball shows that there is more evidence for than against.

We may be grateful to fate for sparing this piece, not only or chiefly because it is almost the only "Menippean" satire extant, but because of the very lifelike portraiture of the emperor. Of course it is caricature; Claudius had some good qualities, and if he had been lucky might have spent a useful life as a University professor. But it is an unmistakable picture. The big shambling creature, hobbling along the Appian Way "dot and carry one", with a voice that spoke in no known language, but like some leviathan of the deep, that unintelligible "Claudian tongue" which needed a special interpreter, stands clear before the eye; and no less illuminating are the

touches which bring out his absent-mindedness and density. "When Claudius beheld his own funeral, he understood that he was dead": or again, when in Hades he meets the souls of those whom he murdered, and cries, "What! friends everywhere! How came you all hither?" The whole picture of Claudius is pitiless and bitter, neither physical nor moral defects are spared: and it is drawn with masterly skill. The setting of the satire is genial enough, and full of humour, from railleury against the poets and pettifoggers to the debate in Olympus and the delightful trial scene in Hades which concludes with a note of farce. The Olympian debate is in its way perfect, and a few touches serve to distinguish "poor simple Hercules", the long-winded old Tory Janus, Diespiter the retail dealer in citizenships who scented a deal here, and Augustus the fastidious silent member, stung into speech by family pride. But the whole piece is full of good points, and to run through them would be to transcribe it whole.

Mr. Ball deserves our thanks for publishing what we believe is the first English edition of the satire by itself. Hitherto it has been difficult to procure in any form, being rare except in editions of the whole works; but now we have it with ample illustrations and elucidations. For the text, indeed, Mr. Ball has done little. In the main he follows Bücheler, and we wish he had worked more at the critical side of his subject, for many difficulties still remain unsolved. He has not recorded the MS. readings in his critical footnotes, but only the points where he differs from Bücheler; and with closer study he would have defended, e.g., *timuerit* in ch. 5 (p. 120 line 1). The merits of the edition lie in the illustrative notes and the Introduction; the last is excellent especially as a piece of literary criticism. The translation, although faithful and not without good points, is the least satisfactory part of the book. It misses the delicate irony of the original, with its parodies of style, its mixture of colloquialism with formality, and the metrical versions show a defective ear. Where Clotho says that Claudius was cut off before making Roman citizens of all the world, that "a few foreigners might be left for seed" (in *semen relinqui*), Mr. Ball writes "left as a nucleus": *con-cacavi me* (iv.) is "I have made a mess of myself", not "I have hurt myself": and Father Janus would hardly talk so unnaturally as to say "lest my remarks seem to be dealing with personalities rather than the case" (ix.). So much depends on literary tact in a piece like this that we must regret a certain shortcoming in Mr. Ball's style. But do not let that blind us as to his merits as a commentator, nor let us forget to thank him for making the "Pumpkinification" accessible to English readers. There must be quite a number of persons still left in this country who know something of Latin, and they will enjoy this book.

#### A MUSH OF PAPAL HISTORY.

"The Papal Monarchy." By W. Barry. London: Unwin. 1902. 5s.

THE art of making a brief and philosophical survey of some great period is one which has been practised with much success by the masters of history in England. But it is one in which all but the masters are doomed to fail. He who would succeed, as Dean Church has done in his "Beginning of the Middle Ages", must understand the spirit of the time with which he deals as well as the course of events within it. He must have formed a clear judgment as to the sequence of causes and effects and as to the relative importance of persons and acts. And he must exercise a severe self-control that will not be misled into expatiating upon the unessential because it is picturesque. In such an undertaking a bustling and crowded picture will convict the author of ignorance in a vital point. He has not known what to omit. Equally necessary are the virtues of scrupulous accuracy and of personal reserve. The scale of the work permits of nothing that is erroneous or ill-proportioned or irrelevant.

Dr. Barry, a scholar who has an extensive knowledge of the good and evil in Christianity as it existed towards the end of the Middle Ages, has been ill advised in essaying the task of compressing the Papal history

of eight hundred years, from Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII., into half as many pages. He has candour, it is true; he derives the Papal power from natural causes as frankly as Gibbon has done, and is judiciously silent as to his own opinion concerning the Roman episcopate of S. Peter. Whether or no the early bishops of Rome claimed a jurisdiction beyond their city remains for him an undecided point. On the negative side he quotes Lightfoot, and Newman on the affirmative, but is content for his own part to fix the recognition of the Bishop of Rome as the successor of S. Peter as established before the year 200. He is candid also in his narrative of the growth in definiteness, as circumstances grew favourable, of the Papal claims. He is not afraid, even at the evident risk of shocking members of his own communion, to publish crude and wild speculations about the debt of the Papacy to expiring heathenism. But all the while he is living a dual existence. It is evident that a firm conviction, based on metaphysical grounds, that his Church to-day is what it ought to be renders him indifferent to historical considerations. He can sacrifice tradition without any fears for the stability of his system. His preliminary pages are valuable and interesting as an illustration of one among the states of mind to be found in the clergy of the Roman communion.

But the actual execution of his work is thoroughly unsatisfactory. He does not know his period, though he has acquired a good deal of information concerning it. In nervous fear lest he should omit someone of importance he hurries a confusing multitude of figures on and off the stage; too many of his pages are almost unintelligible because he has not had the knowledge to choose between the essential and the insignificant and presents both upon an equal scale. Nor has he troubled to verify his facts. We are startled to read that Charles the Great massacred the Saxons at Verdun, and to find Kairouan confused with Cyrene. But his worst fault is that he never forgets himself. Such an abstract of history should be rigidly objective; Dr. Barry is always self-conscious. He has a style, and is determined to make the most of it. Such airs and graces of the provincial reporter have never been displayed in serious history. Our English Pope is called a sturdy Saxon and Abelard becomes a fallen Alcibiades. Every substantive must have its adjective; in fact many of the sentences seem to have been framed to contain epithets rather than to narrate history. But the author is as conspicuous as his own purple patches. He pauses at regular intervals to give his oracular opinion about things in general and the future of mankind in particular. And in one memorable passage he informs us that he is writing in the garden where Gibbon finished his history. Apparently he is quite unconscious of the difference between his own slipshod journalism and the stately periods of the great historian. The book is garnished with fancy portraits of Plantagenet Kings and early Popes, duly furnished with coats of arms, from the print room of the British Museum. It is thoroughly unworthy of its able and learned author.

#### THE RECORD OF ENGLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

"Local Government in England." By Dr. Josef Redlich. Edited by F. W. Hirst. London: Macmillan. 1903. 21s. net.

DR. REDLICH seems to think that Local Government in England has nearly reached its final stage of development. Apparently he takes the view that administrative perfection has been achieved in a happy balance between decentralisation and bureaucracy. The truth is that we are but half way in the evolution of a local system sound in theory and sensible in practice. There is no real centralisation of parochial authority, one-third of the parishes in England are lumped with others or are without an independent council. Different authorities administer the poor laws, the burial laws, the public health laws. To get buried in a respectable legal way is difficult. There are different powers of assessing property, different demand notes for various rates, to say nothing of taxes.



It is ridiculous to have possibly conflicting valuations of the same property: there ought to be one assessment made by the immediate local authority, not the county, certainly not the guardians of the poor. The power exercised by guardians of assessing property is an absurd anachronism. This single assessment should be used as a basis for all rates and for Imperial taxation. All rates of every description should be collected by one demand note and by one local authority as is now the practice in London. The demand note should show how the amount is made up: where there is a precept from some other authority, such as a county council, the items of the precept should be stated. The collection should be made half-yearly only. So-called water rates and gas rates are distinct, being in truth not rates but payments made for commodities consumed by the individual who pays more or less in proportion to his personal consumption.

The administration of the Poor Law has been little reformed since 1836. "The House" is still a by-word among the lower classes. The stigma of "pauperism" still awaits the declining years of the labourer and is the fate which may happen to him at any moment. At the pauper child the finger of scorn is still pointed. In many unions the old prison workhouses of 1836 remain; in some few the expenditure on palatial establishments has risen to hundreds of thousands. These isolated instances in large towns deceive the eye; it is in the great agricultural counties that the need for a reformed administration is bitterly felt. Inadequate infirmaries without any proper nurses are the foremost evil. There is insufficient accommodation for the aged; no provision for old couples; the children are herded on the barracks system and dressed in a humiliating uniform which brands them for life. Born in the House, they return to the House to die. A county system is required to obviate the worst of these dangers. Thus one House could be used solely as an infirmary, ensuring a staff of trained nurses: in another locality the aged could be provided for, with suitable quarters for married people.

At present the tendency is to place the administration of affairs of every kind in the hands of one council or authority. Education has been handed over to the local council; poor law work will rapidly follow. What will be the result? Will the enormous increase in the duties of the councillor frighten away the respectable man of business who is not willing to give the whole of his time to public service? Will it evoke a professional municipal man of the type already to be found in the London County Council? And yet it is necessary to keep up the status of the council; it is unwise to belittle it, to deprive it of powers or privileges. There must be a continuing inducement to good men and strong minds to come on the council. It must not be forgotten that the vestry ideal, the policy of the parish pump, is scarcely yet left behind. The foreigner who regards the local authority in England as merely the agent of a central bureau is grievously wrong. Yet this fundamental mistake is to be found in most foreign writers on our English polity. It is greatly to Dr. Redlich's credit that he fully appreciates this and avoids the danger. There is a marked hostility among local authorities to any form of interference from a central board. Departmental regulations are usually regarded by the individual council as made only to be evaded or defied. Much of this friction might be avoided if the central department was a little more alive to practical requirements.

The first object of all government central or local is to look after something which has to be attended to although it pays nobody to trouble about it. This is the most pressing duty of a council. Highways and sewers always mean money spent without any tangible return. Are they properly attended to now? Certainly the main roads are improved but the bye-roads are still very bad. Indeed the failure of the rural district councils to fulfil their highway duties is so flagrant that it is rumoured that the dissolution of all rural district councils is not far distant. Sewerage is hopelessly inefficient. The manufacturer is allowed to pollute the watercourses of the whole countryside because the local authority cannot or will not adequately deal with his sewage. Trout and other fisheries all over the

kingdom are being ruined. Tidal waters are so polluted that oysters and all forms of shellfish become a public danger. A Royal Commission has issued three reports on the disgraceful state of sewerage, while the municipal council continues carefully to neglect sewers for more pleasant and profitable forms of enterprise.

Whether it is wise to continue the policy of allowing municipal councils to exercise large spending powers without any efficient financial inspection of control is a much-debated question. Nearly all other local authorities have their accounts audited by independent persons, usually appointed by the Local Government Board. This audit ensures a correct financial statement and safeguards the ratepayer from any illegal expenditure. A minority even among the ratepayers has some right to be considered. All boroughs in the metropolis are subject to the audit of independent persons. Why the audit system should be extended to all boroughs is made evident by the recent disclosures in the application of Plymouth to a committee of the House of Commons. Loans sanctioned for one purpose are deliberately used for another, heavy overdrafts at the bank are caused by improper expenditure or book-keeping. Enforcing government audit upon all education accounts, even though kept by a municipal council, appears to be the first step towards a necessary reform.

The officers responsible for the execution of local government work are for the most part inefficient. Due partly to lack of proper incentive, inadequate salaries, lack of proper reward for public services, partly to the utter want of any system of training, the average local government official is wholly below the needs of his work. Conspicuous exceptions are a few clerks to great authorities, potentates in sagacity and salary. It would be foolish to throw local government into the melting-pot in order to evolve a better system; far more to the point would be a reform of the substantive law. The Highway Acts require codification; the Statute of Bridges dates from Henry VIII.; they are cumbersome and inadequate for modern uses. Distinctions between sewers and drains require definition. The laying-out and construction of new streets should be based on some principle of common sense: any principle is better than none at all. Borrowing powers of local authorities call for a most careful readjustment, with the object of helping the present and protecting posterity from a burden.

#### EDUCATION AND IRELAND.

"The Educational Systems of Great Britain and Ireland." By Graham Balfour. Second Edition. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1903. 7s. 6d. net.

ONE of the most marked results of official action of the last four years and especially of the recent Act has been the gradual drawing together of the three grades of education, elementary, secondary and higher, which are fast becoming parts of an organised whole. Important as such a movement is in the case of primary education, it is of still greater consequence in the case of secondary and university. These grades which have so far been the Cinderellas of national education must, once their poverty-stricken condition is seen in comparison with the relative opulence of primary education, receive far more financial assistance than heretofore from the localities and the State.

As an aftermath of last year's educational harvest we have had this year a London act. The assimilation of London education with that of the provinces renders educational reform complete as far as England is concerned. One result of the reform in England has been to increase the grant from the central exchequer. The allocation of an equivalent grant to Scotland and Ireland will probably serve as an occasion for the revision and readjustment of their educational systems. In Scotland it will probably tend to an enlargement of the small School Board areas and to the inclusion on somewhat similar terms to those which obtain in England of the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic schools. The task should prove comparatively easy. A large amount of secondary education is already under public control, there is not the same

clash of conflicting interests, nor is the religious difficulty anything like so great owing to the relatively homogeneous nature of the people from the religious point of view. So far are the denominational schools from being in a majority as in England, that according to Mr. Graham Balfour there are only 189 Roman Catholic and 164 Episcopalian and other schools as against 2,788 Board Schools.

But if the task is easy in Scotland owing to the comparative absence of the religious difficulty, it is little short of stupendous in Ireland. In the primary schools undenominationalism has been a hopeless failure, and any change in the existing system must frankly recognise religious differences. In the sphere of secondary education the intermediate Board so far has avoided the religious difficulty by confining its efforts to examination and inspection, but in the grade above, of higher education, the question of a Catholic university constitutes in itself a problem of the first magnitude. Yet we understand that Mr. Wyndham, flushed with his success with the Land Bill, is proposing to set a seal on his fame by venturing to bring about a settlement of the Irish Education Question, which has been the grave of so many reputations. Apparently he will attempt to unify in a single department the National, the Intermediate and the Agricultural and Technical Boards, a by no means easy matter considering their different and varying powers. There is a great deal to be said in favour of such a reform, though the dangers of such amalgamation to secondary education are not unimportant. But the most thorny part of his task will be to define the relations between the schools and the local authorities under whose control he is credited with wishing to place them. Like many another Englishman he seems to be misled by English analogies; but it is easy to see that what may be most suitable in a country like England is quite out of place in a country which is practically a theocracy, tempered by the presence of Protestantism. It is hard to see how the priests who are the managers of the Catholic schools will be willing to relinquish their control over them in favour of popularly-elected bodies. Nor is it by any means certain that such bodies, who are devoid of any experience of school management, are likely to prove better managers than the priests themselves who, even supposing for a moment that their faults are as black as Dr. Starkie has painted, are still often the only persons in the district who care about education. Again how popular control is to be established in districts where a substantial minority of Catholics or Protestants dwell side by side is still more difficult to see. The same difficulty will arise in the case of the secondary schools if these are placed under the local authorities. At present the Intermediate Board subsidise alike all schools which fulfil these conditions but once the county or municipal council have a voice in their management, the temptation to snuff out the minority school will be too strong to be resisted in those districts where owing to the population being fairly easily divided the religious feeling runs high. On the top of all this comes the question of a Roman Catholic university which the Protestants in the North with their usual narrowness will resist to a man. Unluckily for Mr. Wyndham's projects, though probably not for himself, the Government show signs of having had enough of education.

#### NOVELS.

"Alarums and Excursions." By H. B. Marriott Watson. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

There is varied matter in this volume: tales of Georgian England, of the Peninsular war and of the London of to-day. Mr. Marriott Watson has won popularity as a disciple of Stevenson, and he is so much to the good. Of course his method has its pitfalls. Writers of this school are apt to over-reach themselves in their quest of the telling phrase: they run aground on the shoals of artifice. Someone in this book at a critical moment blows out a light "with a gust of his breath". How else would he blow it out? A row of leafless elms is said "to aggrandise the night". Over-subtlety is a more serious defect, as

tending to obscurity of thought. Take the incident of Mercedes in the Peninsular story: read it twice, and confess that for explanation of Mercedes' sudden change of lovers you are left to grope unaided: the author affords no psychological guidance whatever. After this grumble it is pleasant to admit Mr. Watson's weird and often compelling imagination. What the oak chest in "The Outlaw" contained takes the reader with a genuine shock of unexpected horror: he applauds the climax without reservation. There is indeed abundance of good reading in these stories for those who do not mind being horrified; and there are several delicate and sympathetic studies of women.

"Spendthrift Summer." By Margery Williams. London: Heinemann. 1903. 6s.

This book is by no means easy to read. Many of the characters have been christened with surnames, and the author confuses us by referring to them now familiarly now punctiliously. It takes us some time to realise that Kelvyn is Mr. Whishaw, that Sydney is Mrs. Hovenden, that Teddy, Leslie and Mr. Hovenden are all her brother-in-law. We are reminded of the children's riddle about "Elizabeth, Betsy, Bet, Bessie and Bess". Sydney is very jealous of Teddy alias Leslie because her husband is always singing his praises. A devoted wife, she is piqued by her husband's indifference and drifts into a very mild flirtation with Kelvyn alias Mr. Whishaw. There are one or two fairly dramatic chapters at the very end of the book, though the manner of Teddy's death is somewhat bathetic. The rest consists of misfired epigrams and dreary details couched in a sloppy style. Here is a typical description: "She watched him stoop forward to turn back the hem of his trousers and begin to unlace his boots. He loosed one lace, all the way down, slowly". And here is a specimen of flippancy, which is neither reverent nor funny: "My small son is on very confidential terms with the Almighty, and insists on holding a long conversation every evening—one can't call it praying. . . . One must draw the line somewhere. I never let Maurice bore the Lord beyond a certain point."

"Avery." By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. London: Grant Richards. 1903. 6s.

A morbid delight in dwelling upon disease and death seems to possess a certain number of American writers. Medical stories, which vie with the advertisements of patent medicines in their lurid description of disgusting complaints, are common in American magazines and have, we suppose, an interest for readers. To this class of fiction belongs "Avery" which originally appeared as a serial in "Harper's Magazine". Mrs. Avery suffers from "heart trouble" and we are given minute descriptions of her sensations and convulsions. She is one of those insufferably cheerful Griselda-like women who never complain of their sufferings. The consequence is that her husband—who is an average kind of brute—does not realise how bad she really is. With a total absence of a sense of the ridiculous the author brings the neglectful husband to realisation of his heartlessness under the influence of laughing gas. While having a tooth extracted he dreams a dream—the narration of which fills nearly half the volume—in which while he is away enjoying himself his wife dies. He wakes up and rushes home to find that his dream is apparently true. How his wife is eventually restored by artificial respiration administered by a clever physician is told with elaborate detail. The book may be commended to medical students.

"Prince Hagen." By Upton Sinclair. London: Chatto and Windus. 1903. 6s.

To be very much in earnest over any one thing generally involves a loss of sense of proportion, and a deficient sense of proportion means a lack of humour. That is the reason why so many reformers and revolutionists fail to convince. The writer of this book—an American—is very much in earnest but he has preserved his sense of humour. Under the guise of what he describes as a "phantasy", he has produced an elaborate and scathing satire on American morals and institutions. He writes with genuine knowledge and

(Continued on page 466.)



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power. One feels the truth of his picture, and the possession of that saving grace of humour prevents him laying on the colours too thickly and so spoiling his effect. In the bowels of the American continent to which the writer has descended "to slow music"—supplied by a Wagnerian leitmotif—he discovers the old Nibelungen King Alberich. Prince Hagen, grandson of the King, is committed to his charge during his stay among earthmen, and it is with his adventures that the book deals. How Prince Hagen takes his place in the world of men and outdoes them in cunning and unscrupulousness is told in graphic and original fashion. "Prince Hagen" is a book that will compel even the most frivolous reader to think.

"Darrel of the Blessed Isles." By Irving Bacheller. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

A certain distinction of style, flavoured with wit and fancy, a picture of high purposes in low places, an object lesson in courage, honour, industry and similar virtues: all these come as a mild surprise from a transatlantic writer. We have no fault to find with anything in this book, except that it possesses a singular lack of interest, which we are powerless to explain, save by a subconscious repugnance from attempts at pathos, somewhat too strenuous for our taste. The plot is slow of development, but ingenious enough to have awakened greater curiosity. We must reluctantly content ourselves with a commendation of this book to possible readers in America.

"The Enthusiast." By Adeline Sergeant. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

"You know very well . . . that English education is in a bad way, and that unless a new start is made England will be left in the lurch by other nations." In spite of this pronouncement in the first chapter, the hero, a schoolmaster, does not develop on quite such priggish lines as it leads us to fear. And though a fair portion of the book is given up to the career of a chilly scholastic lady with advanced theories, who wears Paquin clothes, and wins universal respect and admiration for her beauty and intelligence, yet it is not widely different from the ordinary love-story, with the usual complications that delay the happy marriage till the last chapter.

"A Matter of Morals." By Hugh Cayley. London: Grant Richards. 1903. 6s.

Mrs. Maynard flirted with Captain Seaton on board a liner, resumed the flirtation in India and finally agreed to elope. She was feeling remorseful at the prospect of parting with her little daughter when she received a telegram announcing that her husband had died of heat apoplexy. This incident is spun out into a book with the help of long, trivial conversations destitute of interest or good taste. The writer has all the faults of an amateur and possesses no vestige of descriptive power or character delineation. He introduces many unnecessary sneers at the clergy, who are represented as abject fools.

#### THE OCTOBER REVIEWS.

By far the most important article on the fiscal question in the month's reviews is Professor W. T. Hewins' "Present State of the Case for Mr. Chamberlain's Policy" in the "Fortnightly". He contends that if the country decides to re-possess itself of the bargaining power with foreign nations which it has lost, preferential tariff arrangements with the Colonies must follow, and in his view if we can achieve the commercial and political consolidation of the Empire we need not trouble ourselves very much about the protective tariffs of foreign countries. He sets forth certain propositions which he has seen no serious attempt to contest. These are sufficiently important to justify quotation at length: they sum up the case for preferential tariffs:—(1) That the wheat-producing capacity of our Colonies is for practical purposes almost without limit; (2) That we must, in any case, become more and more dependent on what are now our Colonies for our food supplies; (3) That the gradual extension of corn-growing in Canada and our Colonies will lead to a corresponding expansion of their demand for manufactures; (4) That if this economic movement is left to itself it will be accompanied with the development of a national protective system, in the case of our self-

governing Colonies, similar to that of the United States, and the disintegration of the British Empire must follow; (5) That the establishment of a preferential system with the Colonies would hasten their development, and at the same time strengthen the Imperial as distinct from the Separatist tendencies of the present time; (6) That low rates of duty would be sufficient for the end in view; (7) That therefore the rise of prices, if any occurred in consequence of the measures adopted, could in no circumstances be considerable, or, in view of the potentialities of the Colonies, last very long; (8) That a rise in the price of corn, if it occurred, would be compensated partly by remission on other commodities, partly by the increase of our Colonial trade."

In the "Monthly Review" Sir Edward Grey, Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Goldwin Smith oppose Mr. Chamberlain's proposals from the standpoints of the Radical and the Unionist free trader and the Canadian separatist. Sir Edward Grey is convinced—and will be so more than ever after the Greenock speech—that Mr. Chamberlain is "Protectionist as well as Preferential Tariff Imperialist". He denies that the experience of other countries is likely to be any real guide to the best interests of Great Britain, and seems to us to labour under the idea that Mr. Chamberlain is eager to tax raw material. "Cheap tea is a poor substitute for cheap bread and meat," says Sir Edward Grey writing necessarily in ignorance of the scheme which Mr. Chamberlain has now outlined. He answers his own objections when he says that "the object of the whole policy is that we should cease to consume foreign food". If we do not consume foreign food—the only food that is to be taxed—where would be the increased cost of living which the fiscal changes would bring about? As a matter of fact it is pretty certain that we shall go on eating foreign food, though possibly in smaller quantities, because the foreigner will pay the tax rather than be kept out of our markets altogether. Lord Hugh Cecil says that "very few educated people (so far as can be judged) are Protectionists", which is true if by protection he means McKinleyism. "More are in favour of a policy of preference. Still more like some sort of retaliatory policy. Among the working classes, on the other hand, protection of home manufactures seems far less unpopular than colonial preference with its hateful mechanism—a tax on food." Curiously he is more impressed by Mr. Chamberlain as an empire builder than as a man of business. "It is to save the Empire from disunion rather than its industries from decay that he has proclaimed his crusade". Lord Hugh Cecil fails to grasp the twin significance of Mr. Chamberlain's action. He regards Mr. Chamberlain as the Pope of Imperialism who has defined a new dogma of the Faith. "It is to be lamented that the advocates of preference do not make up their minds whether to defend it as an economic benefit to Great Britain or as a wise sacrifice of British wealth for a great Imperial purpose." But why should an advocate of preference defend as "a wise sacrifice" a course which he believes would not sacrifice but safeguard "British wealth"? We regret that Lord Hugh Cecil is among those who believe that "the first economic need of the Empire is the emphatic rejection of all schemes for preferential or protective tariffs".

An article such as Lord Hugh Cecil's is the sort of thing we should expect to find in the "Independent Review", which makes an excellent start under Professor Jenks, but we are afraid we do not quite seize the grounds on which the Review claims to be independent. Its admirably written introductory plea for a programme is little more than a Radical Progressive declaration; both Mr. Edwin Cannan's and Mr. Hugh Bell's articles on preference and protection are anti-reform. Professor Mommson's "Appeal to the English" will, we hope, not fall on deaf ears. He advances some excuses for the excesses of his countrymen in writing of England, and is severe on "our national fools—Pan-German is their name in our country—who believe in a special Teutonic Adam, concentrating in his own person all the glories of the human spirit". He holds that "German and Englishman are destined to go forward hand in hand". Mr. James Bryce deals in the "Independent" with England's duty in the Near East in the same spirit of impracticable humanitarianism that Sir Drummond Wolff adopts, as we showed last week, in the "Monthly". Mr. Bryce traces all the trouble back to Lord Beaconsfield's mistakes in 1878. If he only had allowed the Bulgarians to realise their ambition a quarter of a century ago, the horrors of 1903 would have been saved and Macedonia would have been smiling in peace. It is all worthy of S. James' Hall.

"Blackwood's" again deals at length with the fiscal crisis, and in the course of an elaborately statistical article contends that when the nineteenth century is impartially studied it will be found that a larger share of our economic progress during the century was due to the development of the Colonies than to the repeal of the Corn Laws. Nor can free importers reasonably claim any share in "the magnificent expansion of our colonial trade, because so far from promoting, they deliberately discouraged it". They withdrew its privileges and placed the Colonial trader on a level with the foreigner. In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. O. Eltzbacher gives some of the facts and figures of British commerce under free trade, and some



extracts from Prince Bismarck's very apposite memoranda on the importance to Germany of remembering the producer as well as the consumer in arranging the tariff. - Another article in the "Nineteenth" conveys a colonial view of Colonial loyalty. It is a refreshingly frank but loyal confession that the Colonies are dissatisfied with the position of sleeping partners and want representation. Preferential tariffs are not enough to bring this "vast, loosely aggregated organisation" into the state of unity and life. The writer advocates the creation of an Imperial Council on which the Colonies will be represented. "Observer" in the "National" predicts the doom of free imports. The article is a sober presentation of the case for preferential tariffs rather than the big revolver of retaliation. The editor of the "National" in his notes does not even regard retaliation as a big revolver, it is only a popgun. In the "Contemporary" Mr. J. S. Mann dealing with "Mr. Balfour and Economic Fact" writes a very dull article on a very brilliant pamphlet; "the grace of Mr. Balfour's style", he says, "gives to the commonplace notions of ordinary people a new charm", but Mr. Balfour in Mr. Mann's view has not studied recent economic history. In the same Review Mr. Mark Warren tells us that "trade laughs at barriers". We have no doubt it does when the barriers are against its rivals.

The fiscal controversy apart the reviews have a goodly array of interesting and important papers which demand a word. Mr. Richard Bell foreshadows "The Reign of labour" and his Honour Judge Webb writes "Of the Genuine Text of Shakespeare" in the "National". Lord Salisbury is the subject of appreciative articles in the "Fortnightly" by Mr. Sidney Low, in the "Monthly" and in "Blackwood's". In the "Nineteenth Century" there is a charming article by Mr. St. Clair Baddeley on the Gardens of Ancient Rome and What Grew in Them, the best passages in the article relating to the rose and the uses to which the Romans put the flower. In the "Monthly" Professor Lanciani describes the Bankers and Brokers of Ancient Rome, the methods of investment, of thrift and of state granaries. Both Mr. St. Clair Baddeley and Professor Lanciani have been provided by recent discoveries with some curious, informing and fascinating material. In "Blackwood's", Sigma brings his amusing personalia to a conclusion with some anecdotes of and references to the Duke of Wellington, Byron, Shelley, Lamb and London as he remembers it. Sir Herbert Maxwell is in his element in describing an Irish salmon river.

For This Week's Books see page 468.

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